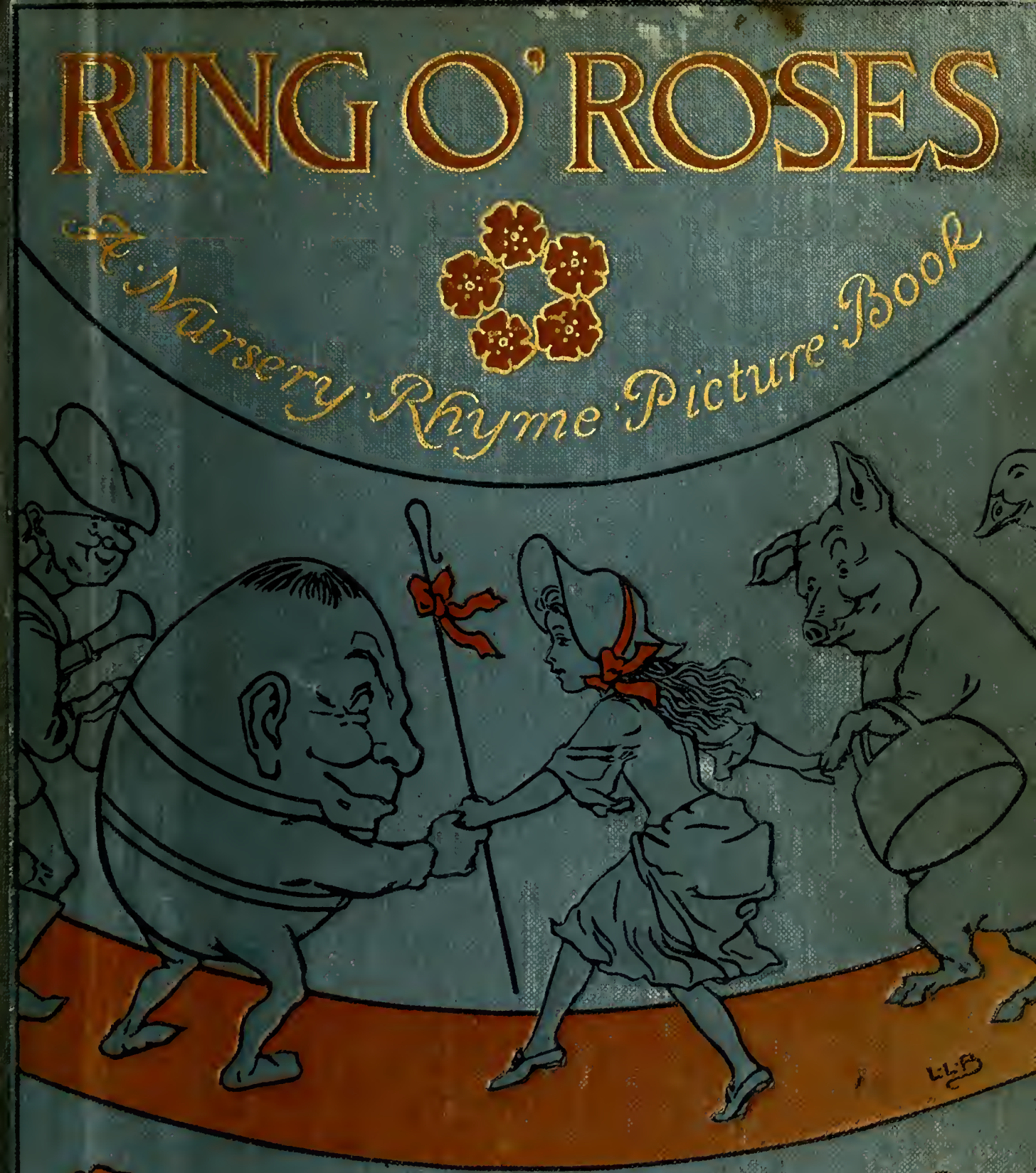
RING O' ROSES

A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book



WITH DRAWINGS BY

L. LESLIE BROOKE

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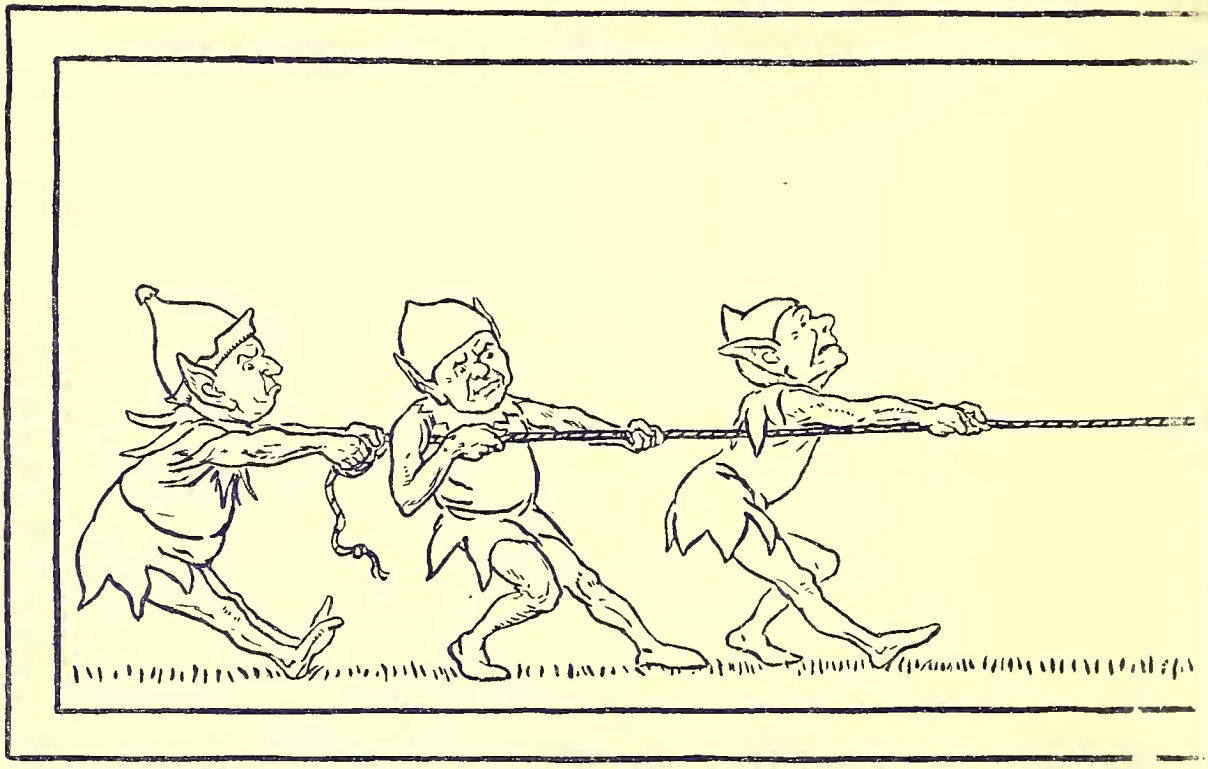
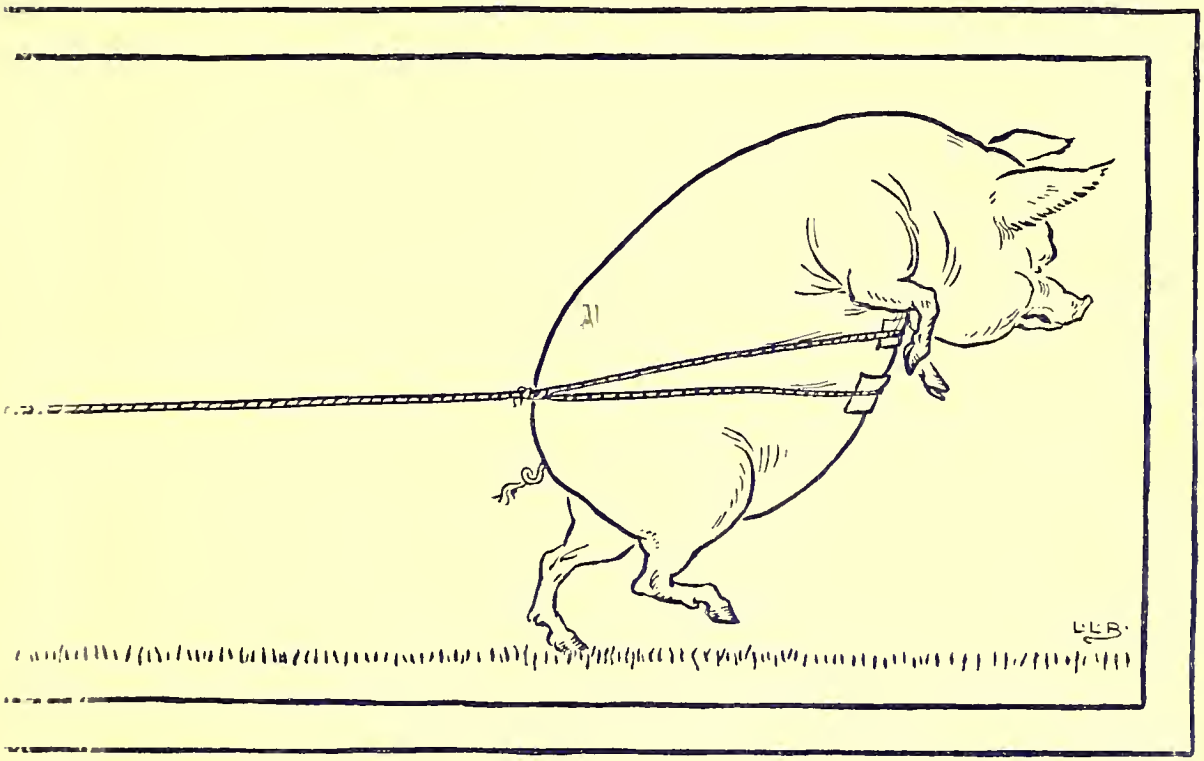
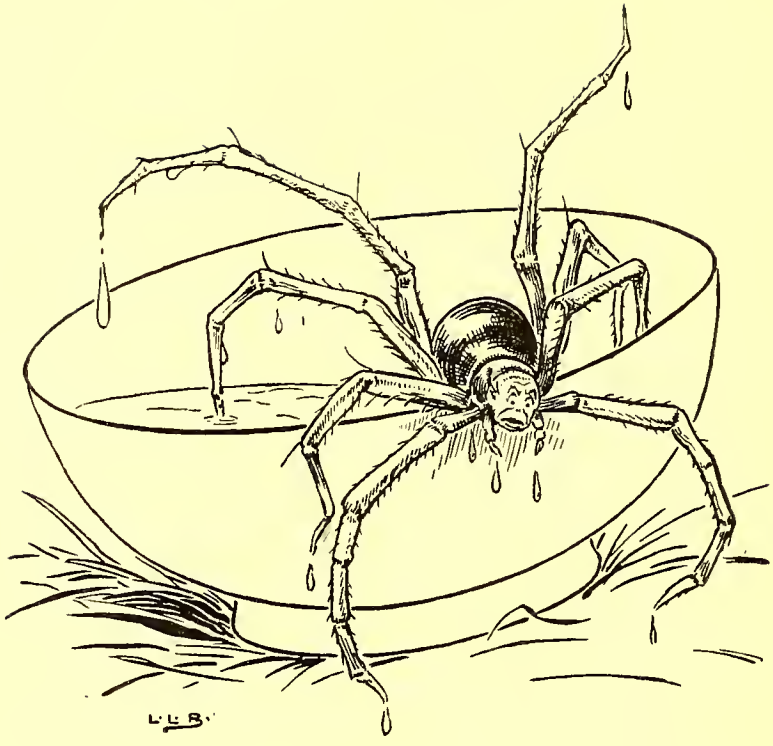




RING O' ROSES



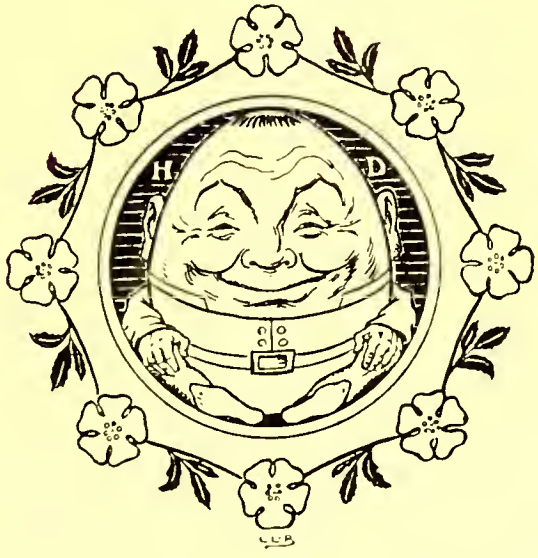
RING O' ROSES

A NURSERY RHYME PICTURE BOOK

With numerous Drawings in Colour and Black-and-White

by

L. LESLIE BROOKE.



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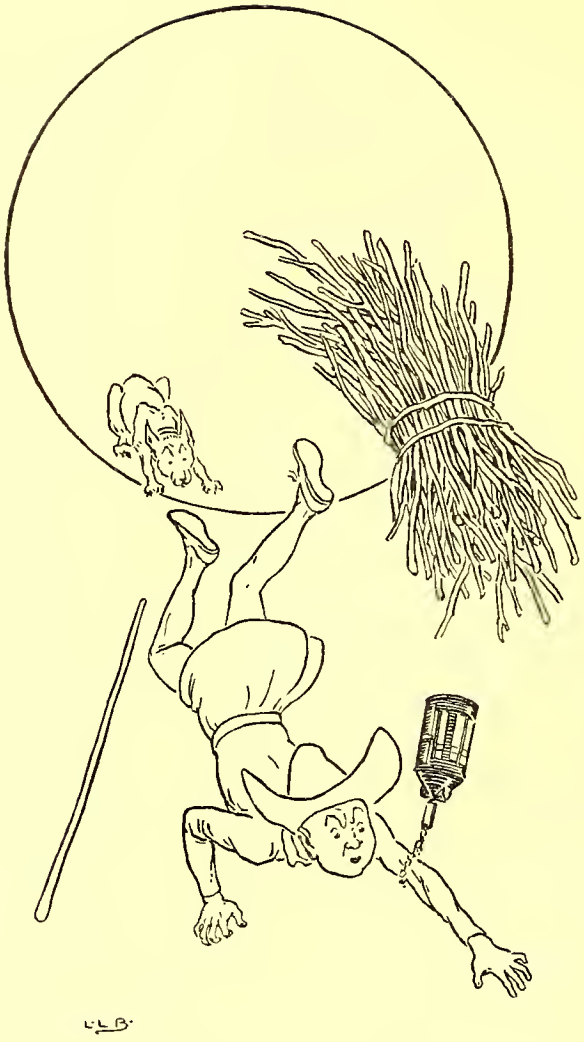

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J
E

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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

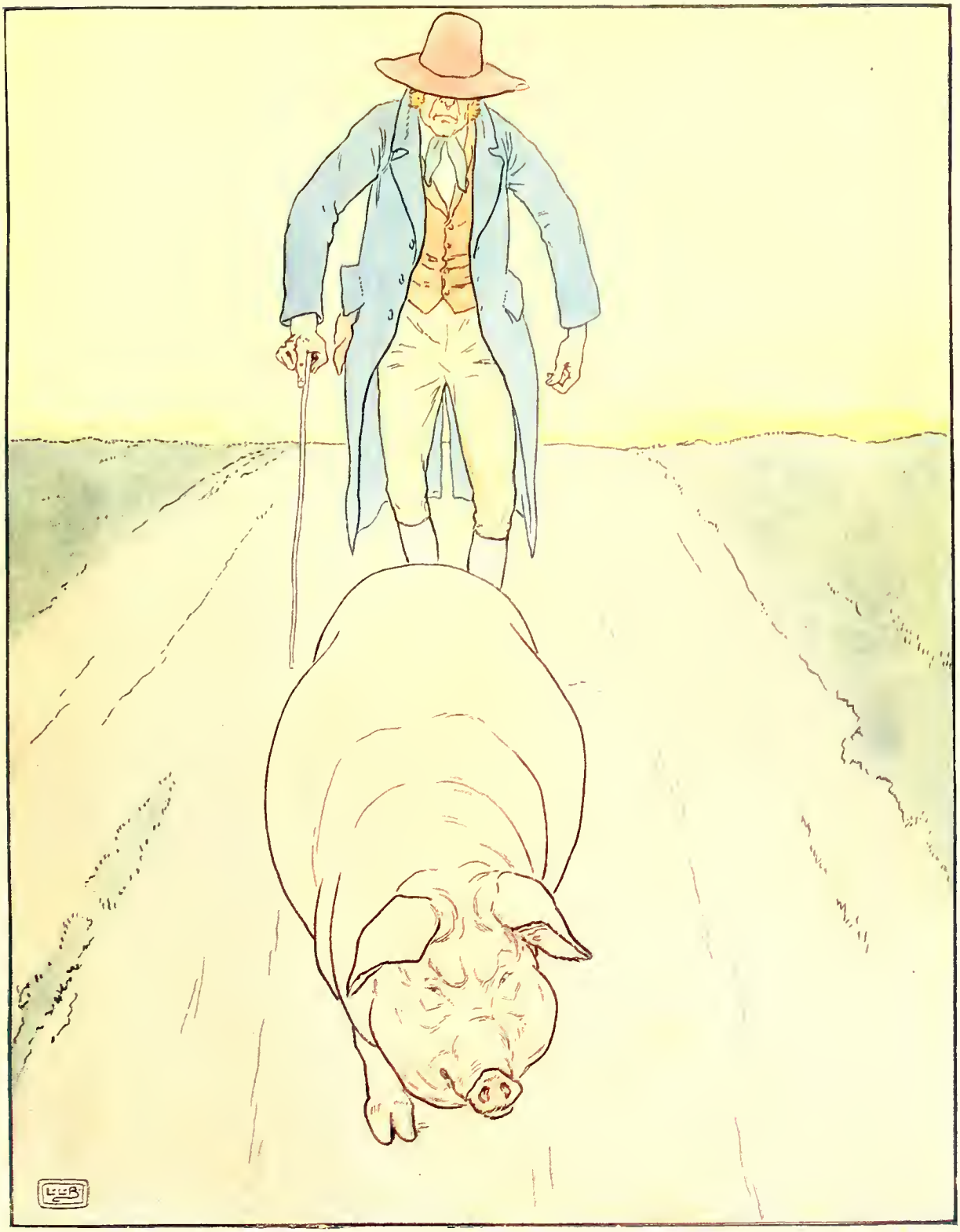
THE Man in the Moon
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich;

They told him south,
And he burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat Pig ;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat Hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

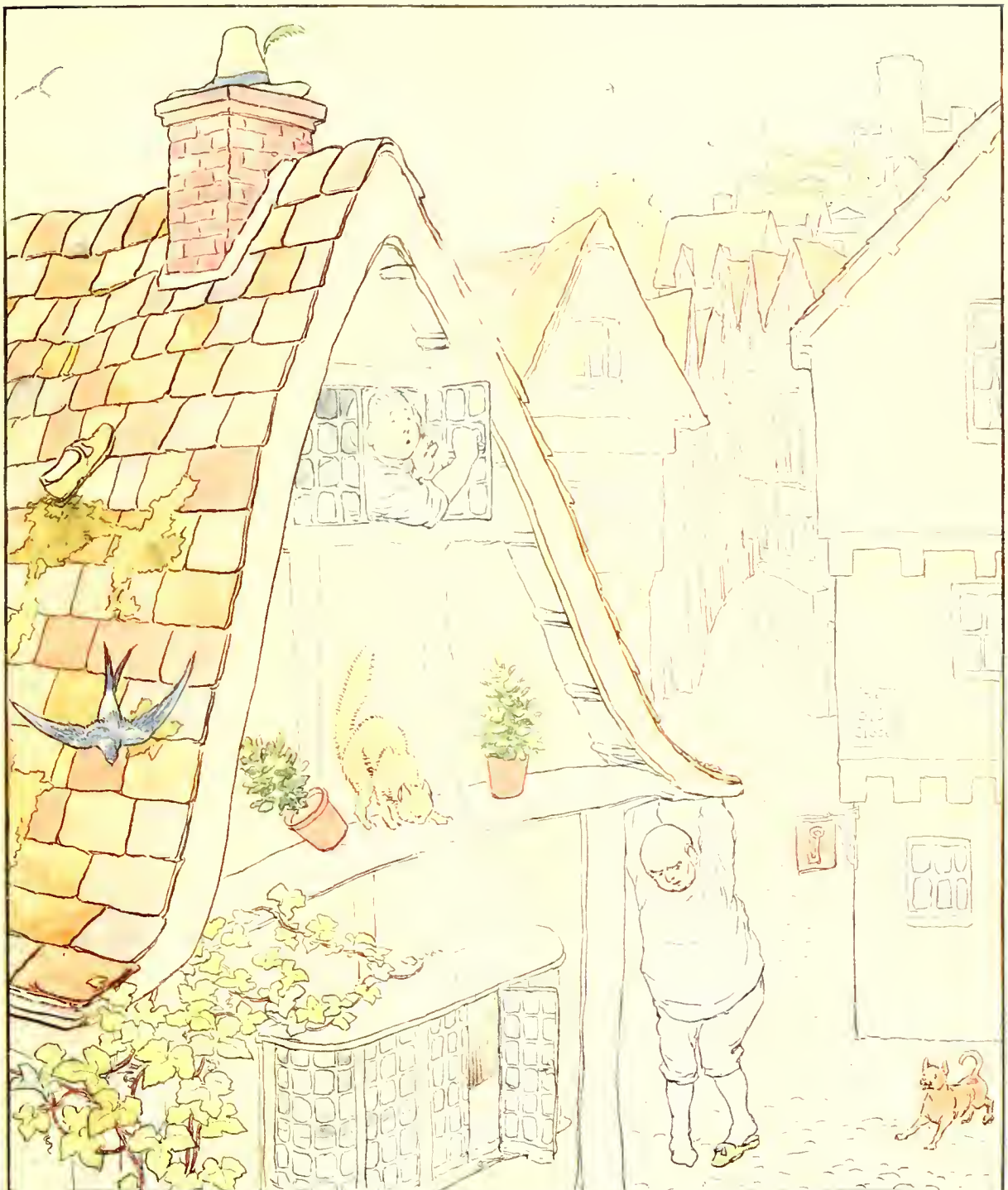


THERE WAS A MAN.

THERE was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him ;

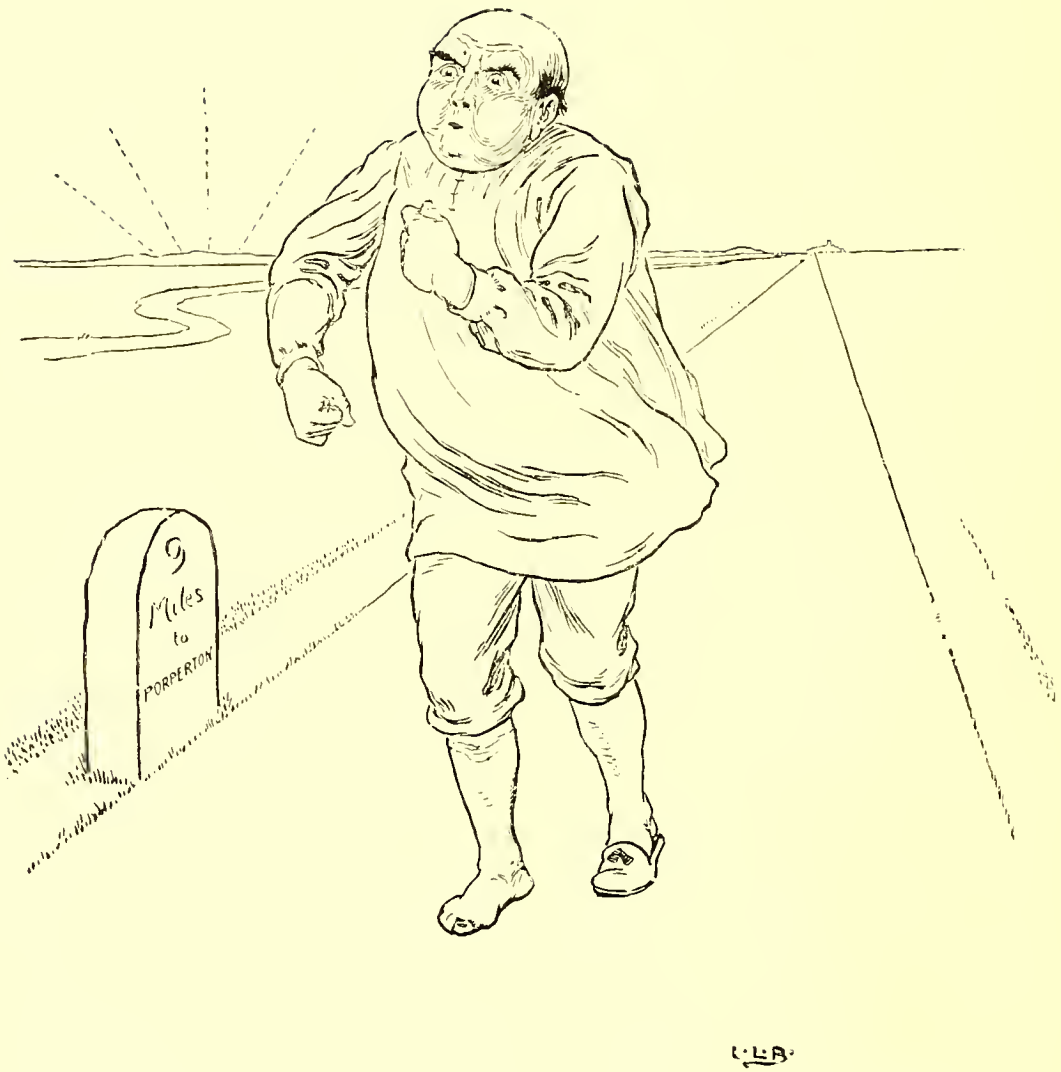
He crept up to the chimney-pot,

AND THEN THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD HIM

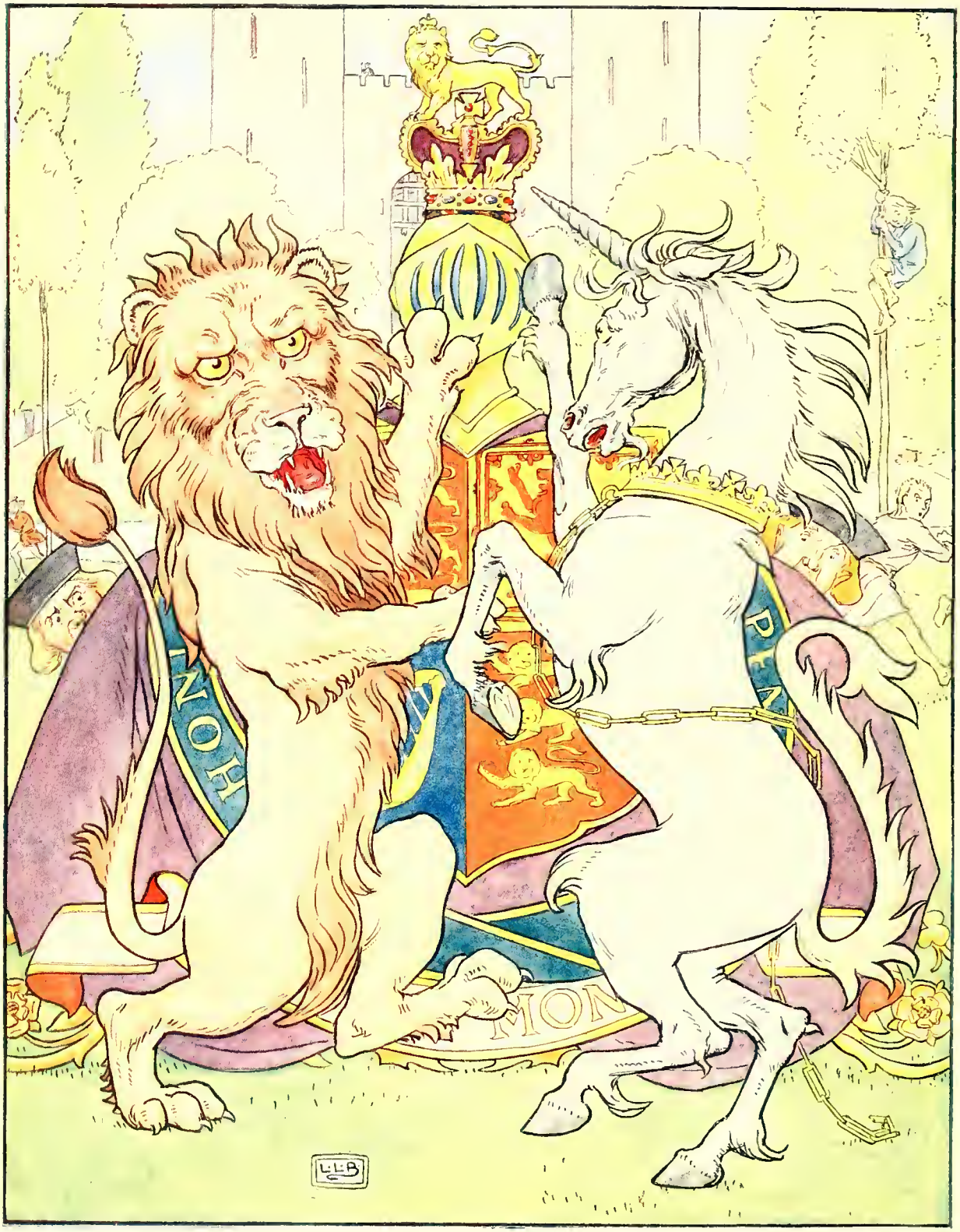


BUT HE GOT DOWN ON T'OTHER SIDE

And then they could not find him;

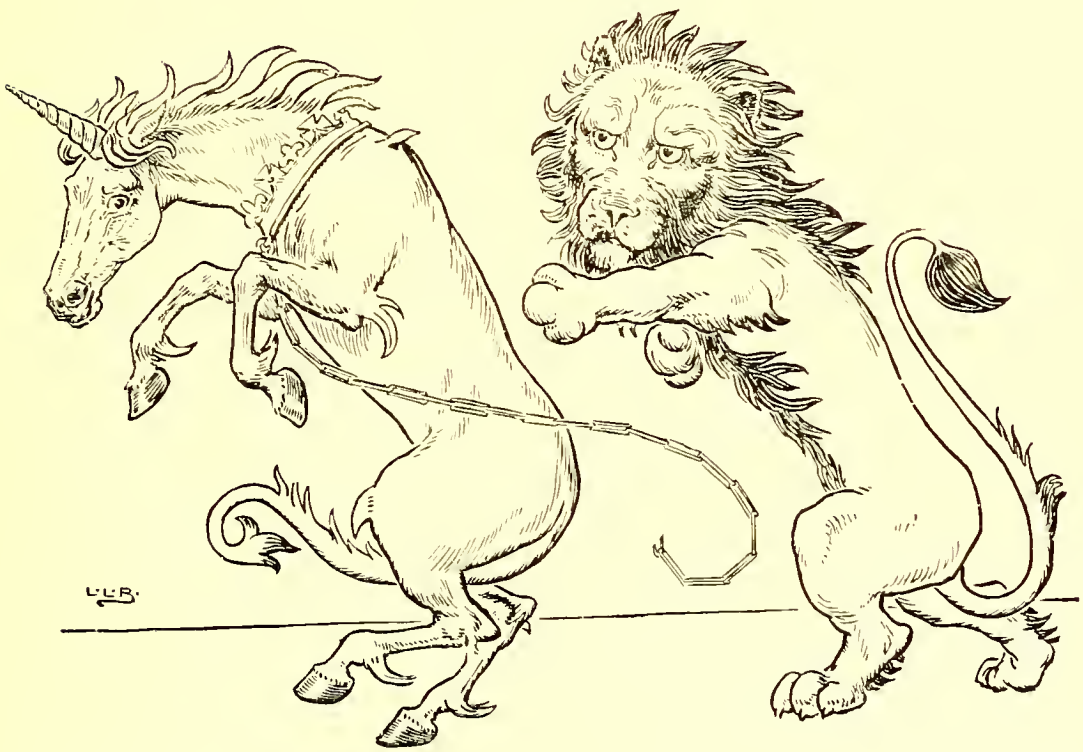


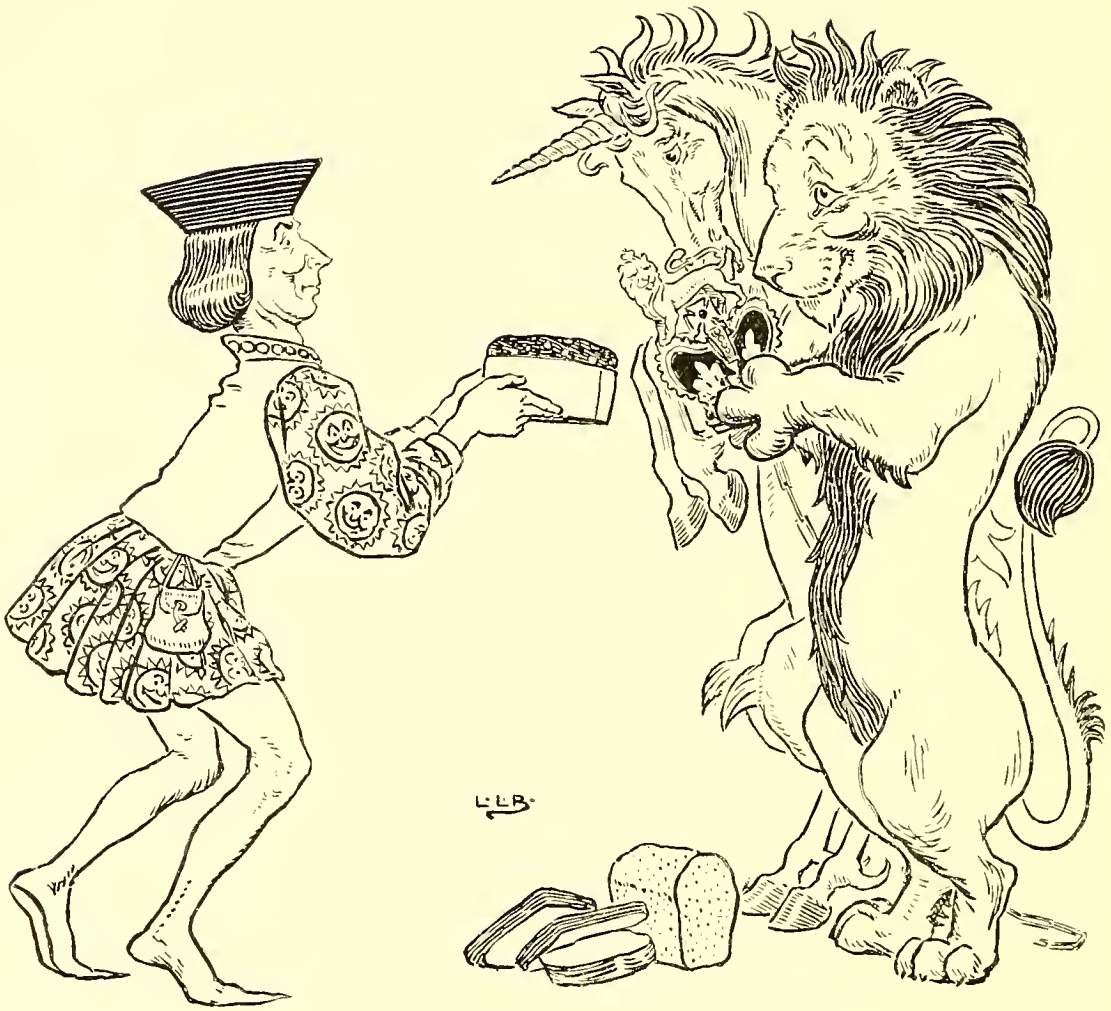
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.


HONI
MON
L.L.B

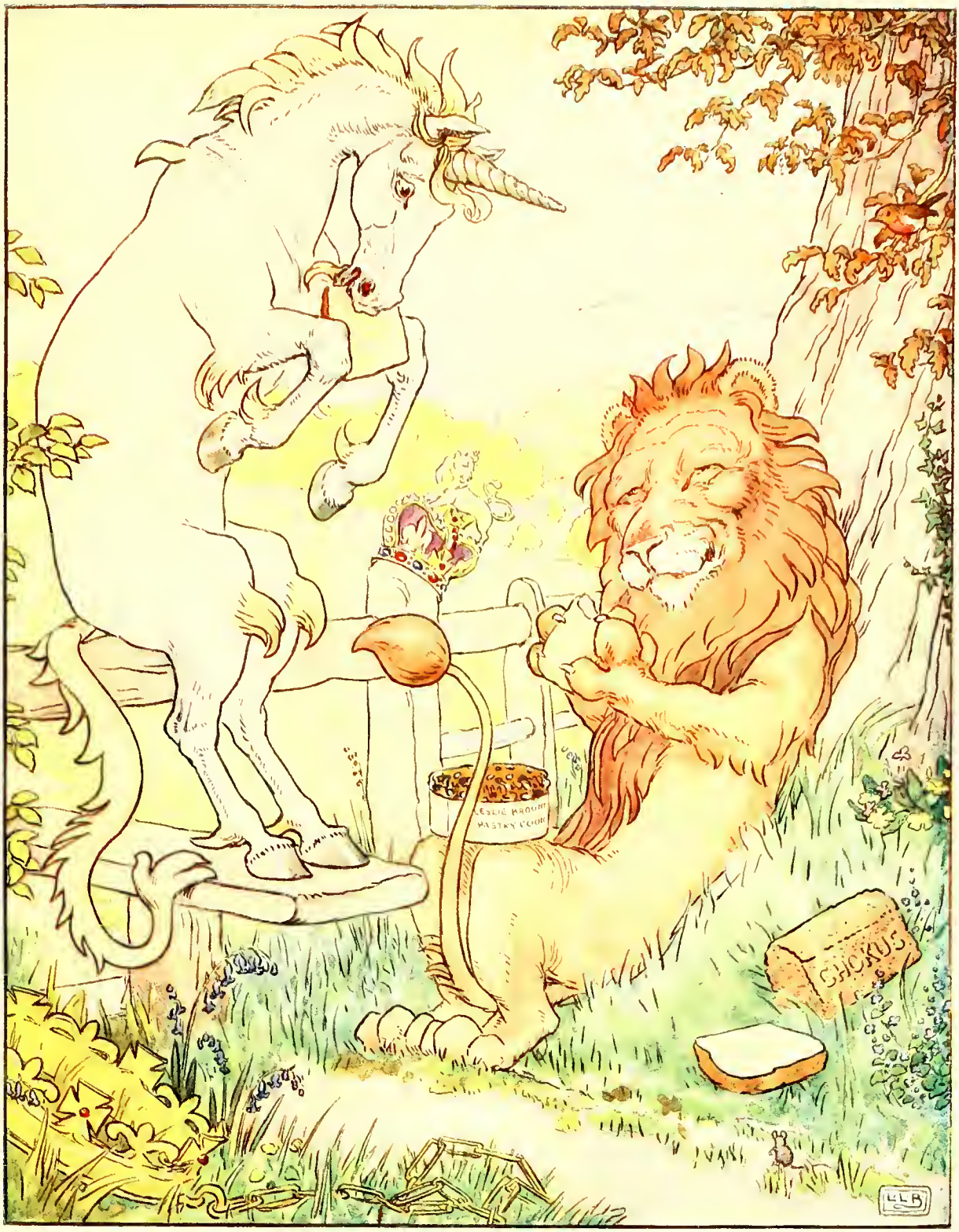
THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

THE Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the Crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All round about the town.





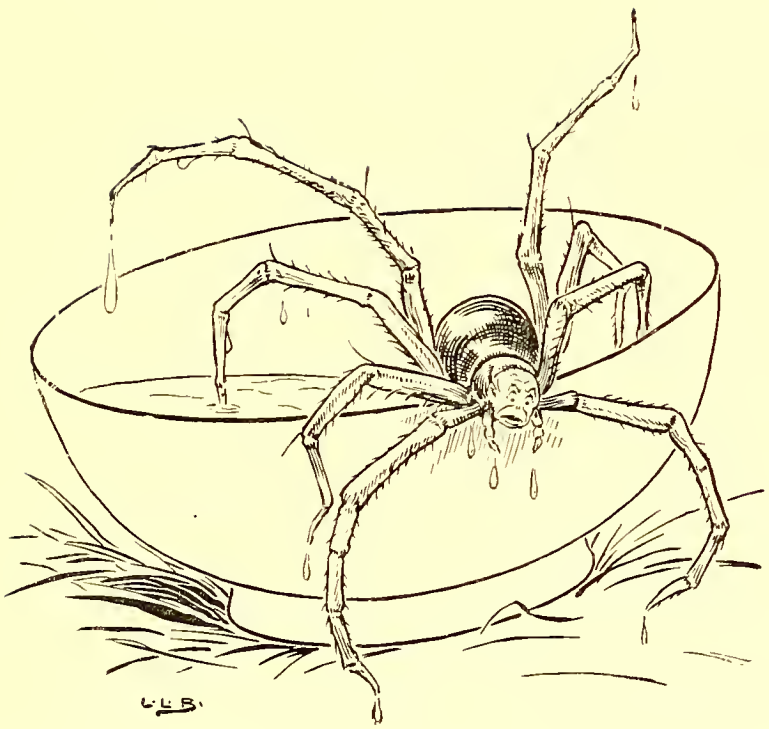
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

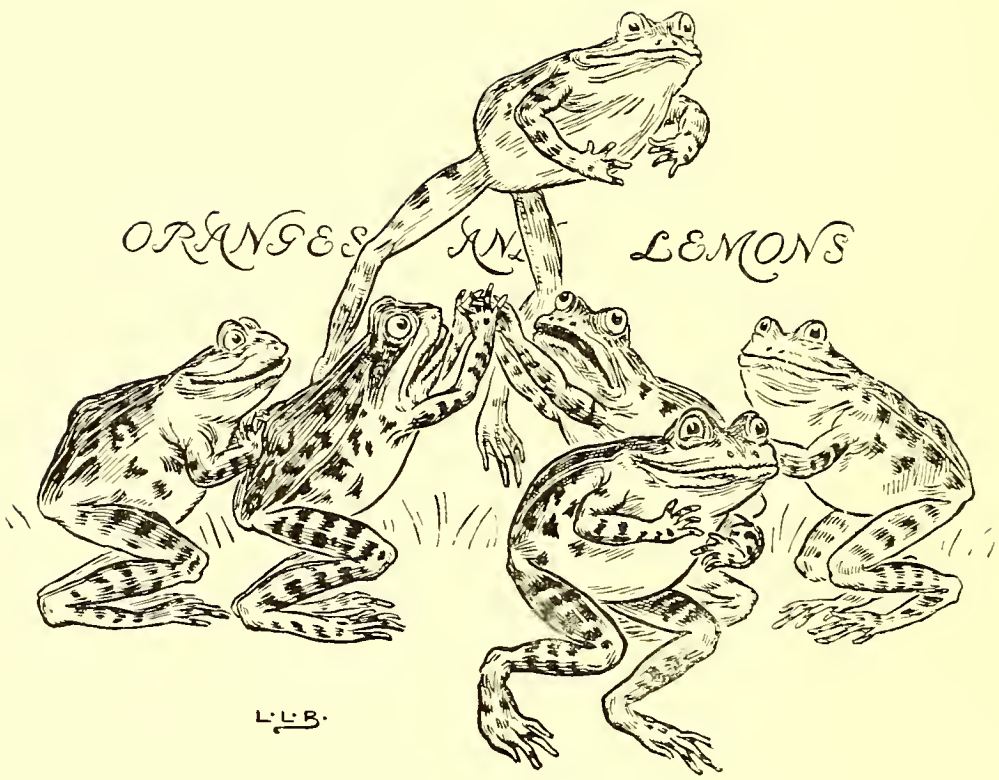

CHICKUS
LLB

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and
whey ;

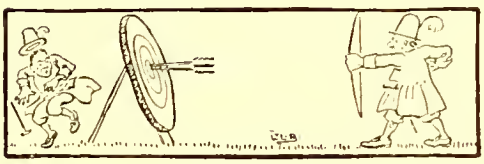
There came a big Spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.




ORANGES AND LEMONS
L·L·B·

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Gay go up, and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town.

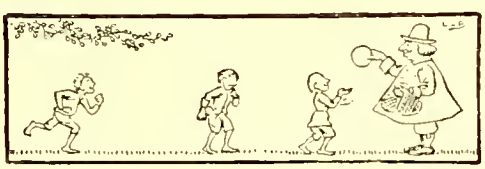


BULL'S eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Mar'gret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

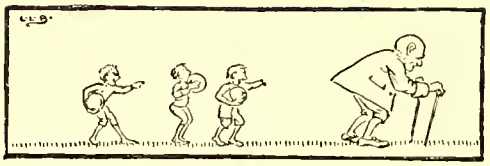
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.



Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and Lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.



Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

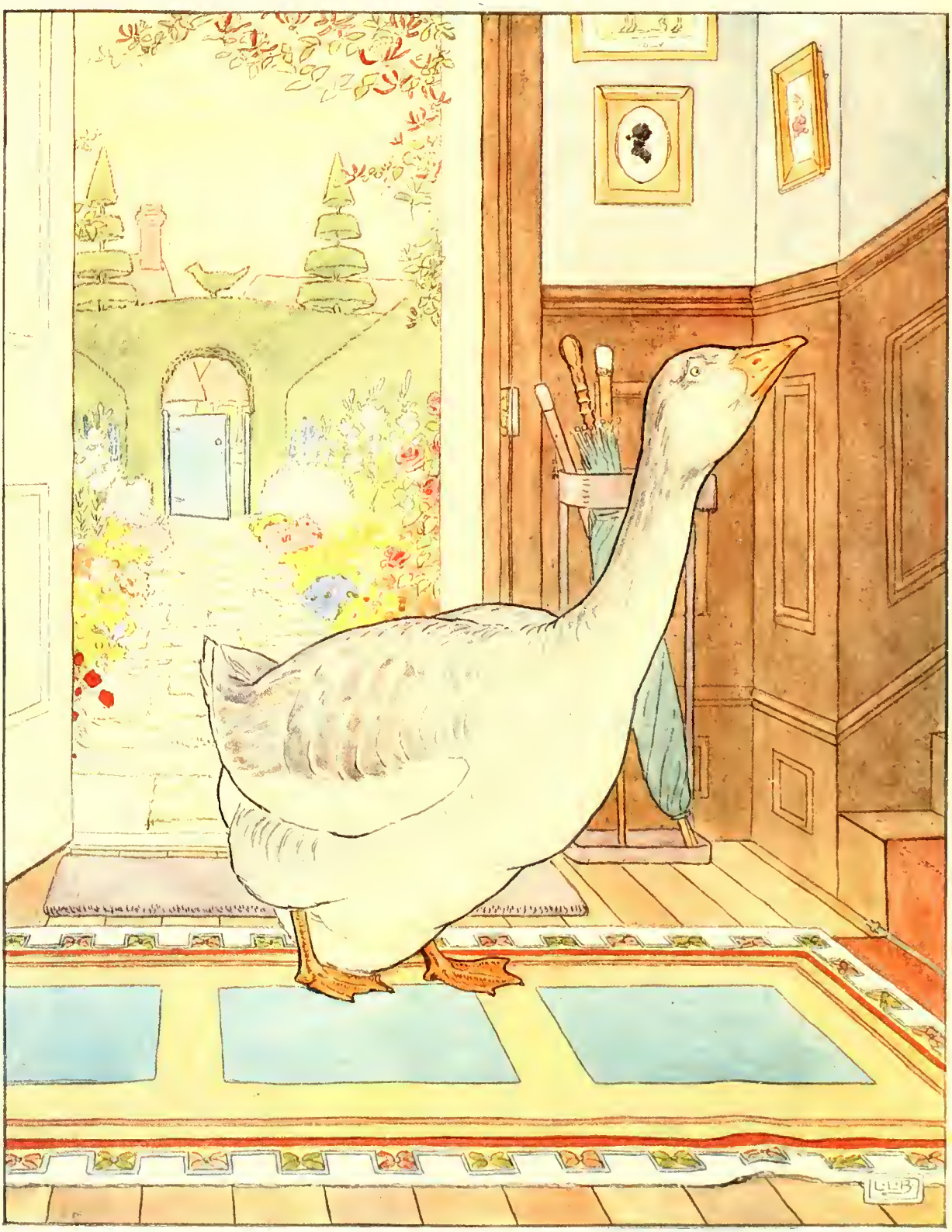
When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

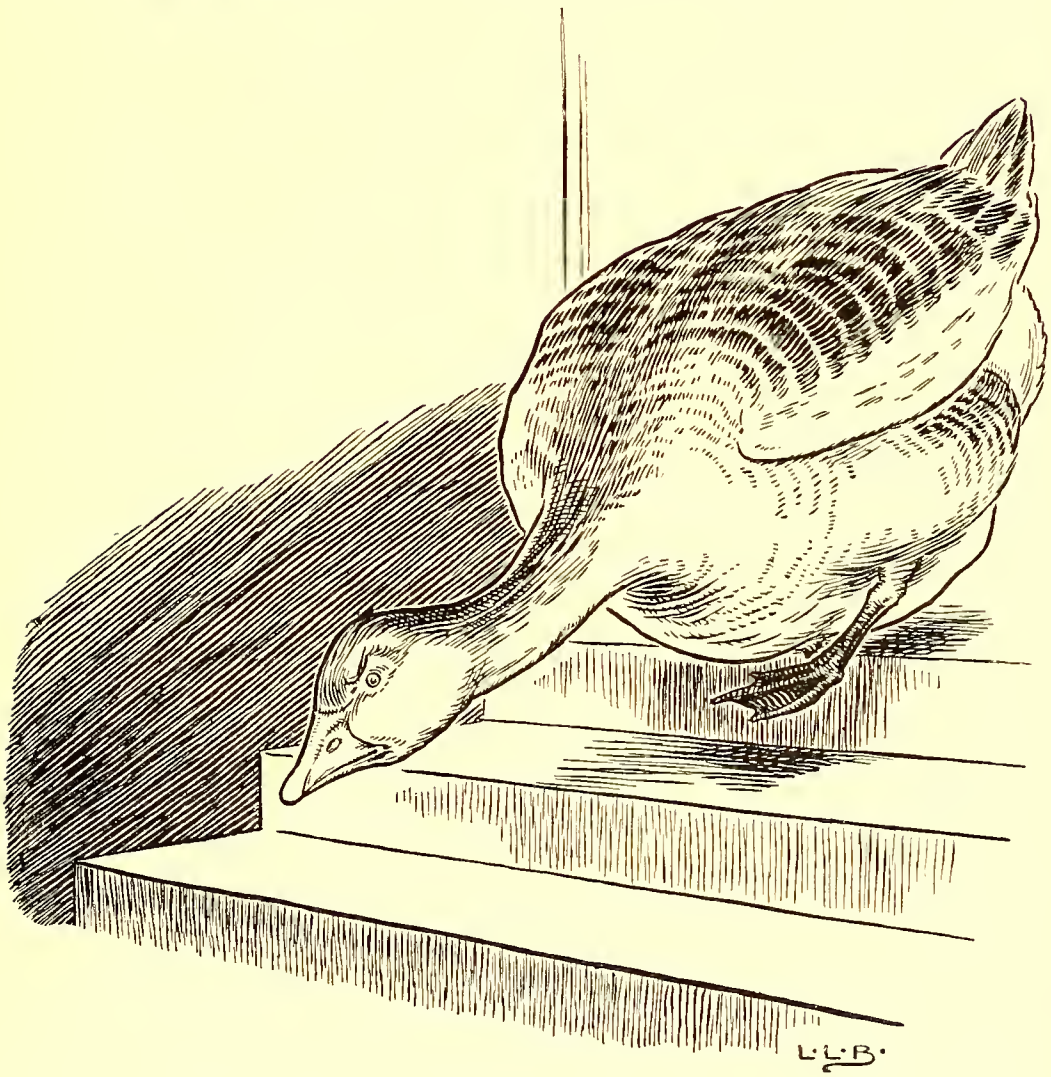
I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

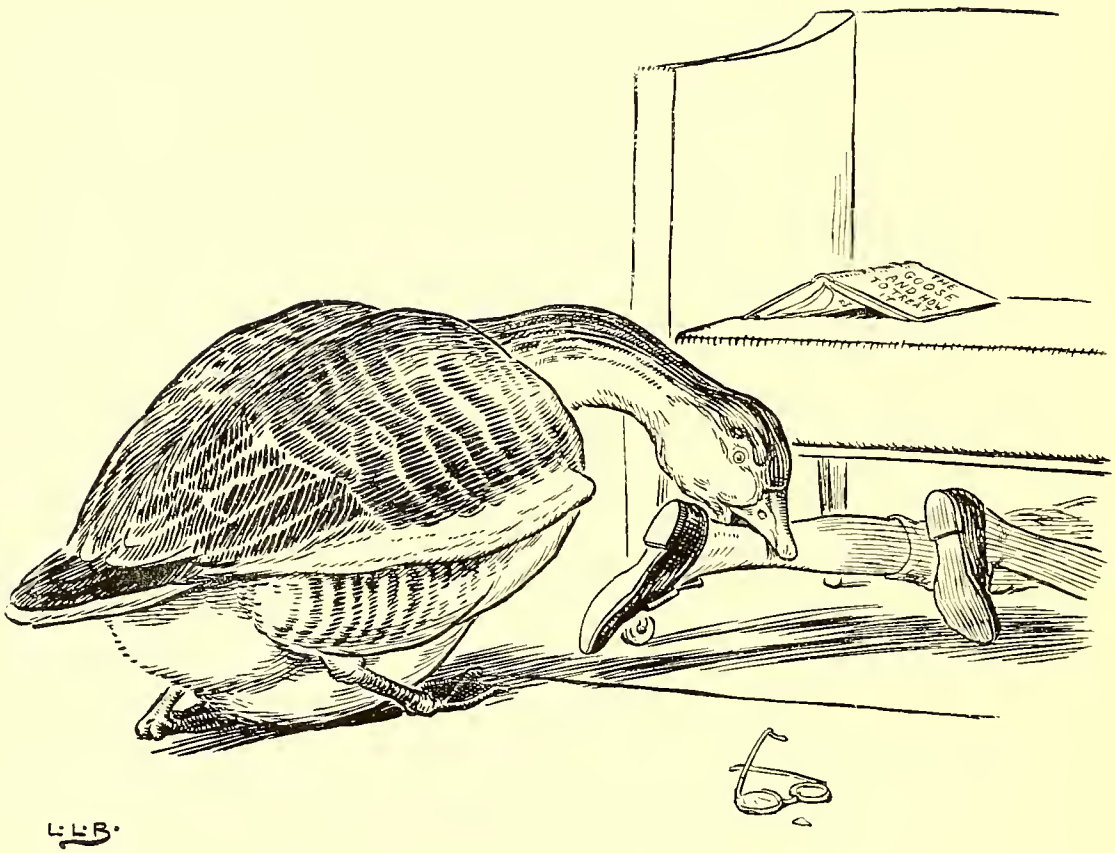


GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER.

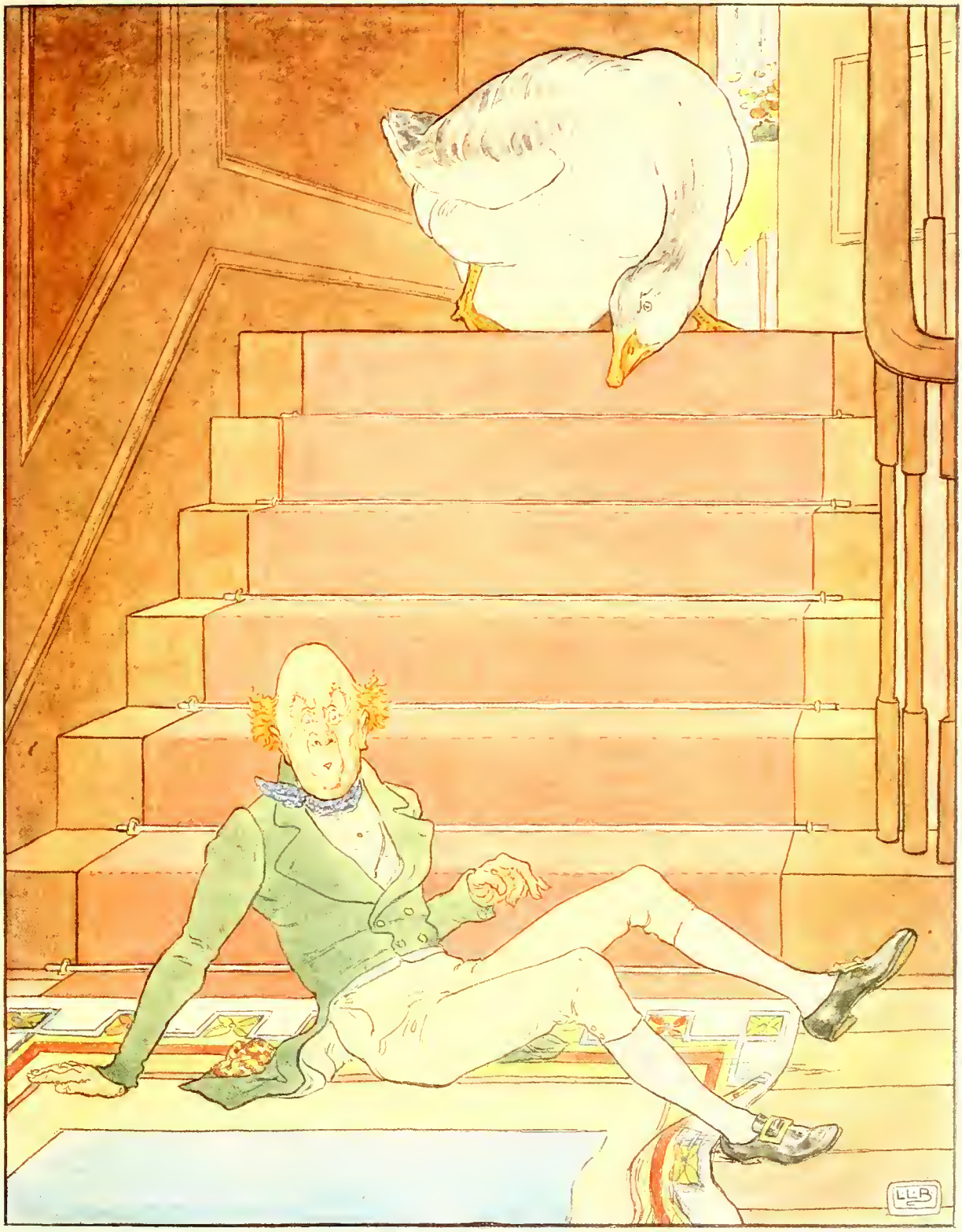
GOOSEY, Goosey Gander,
Where shall I wander?



Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.

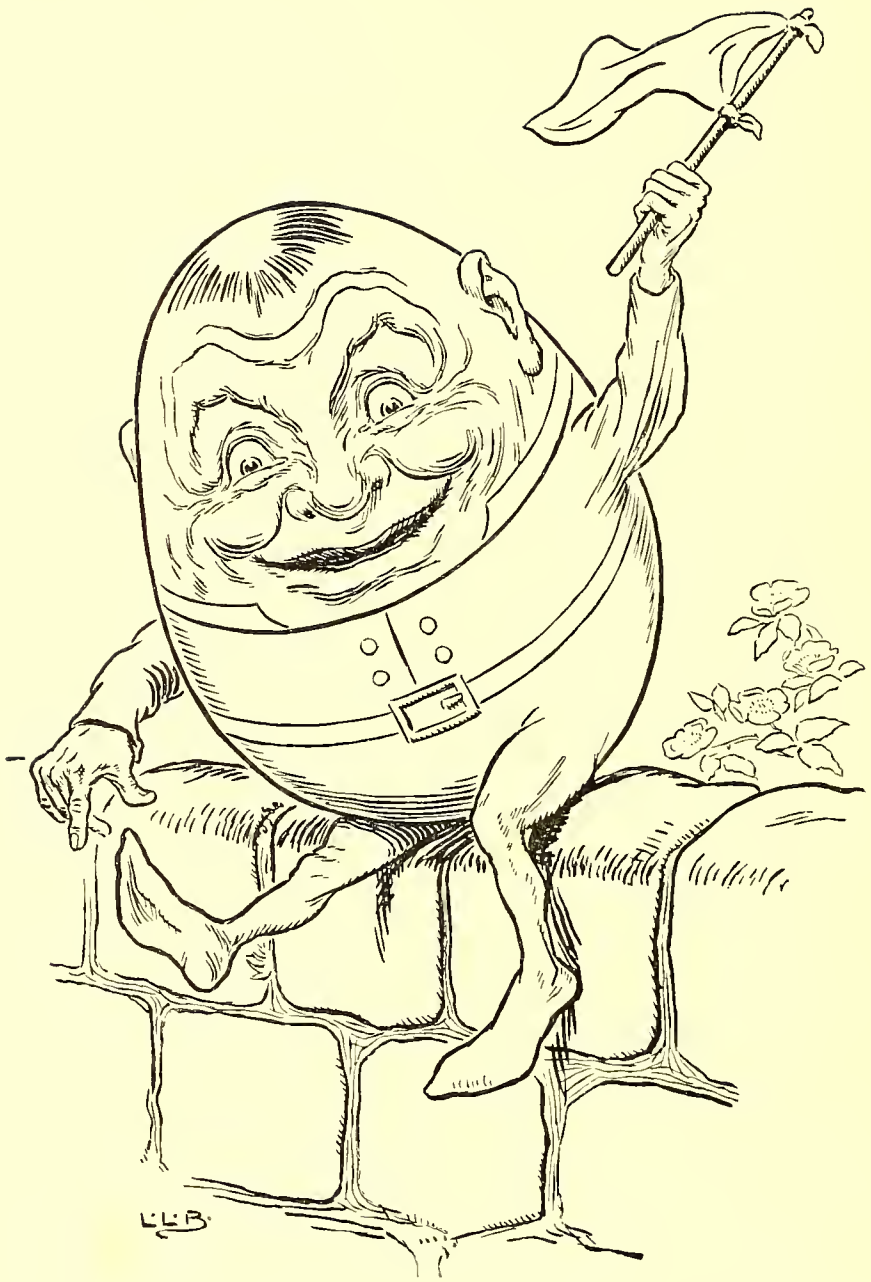


There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers:
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.



HUMPTY DUMPTY.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;



Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

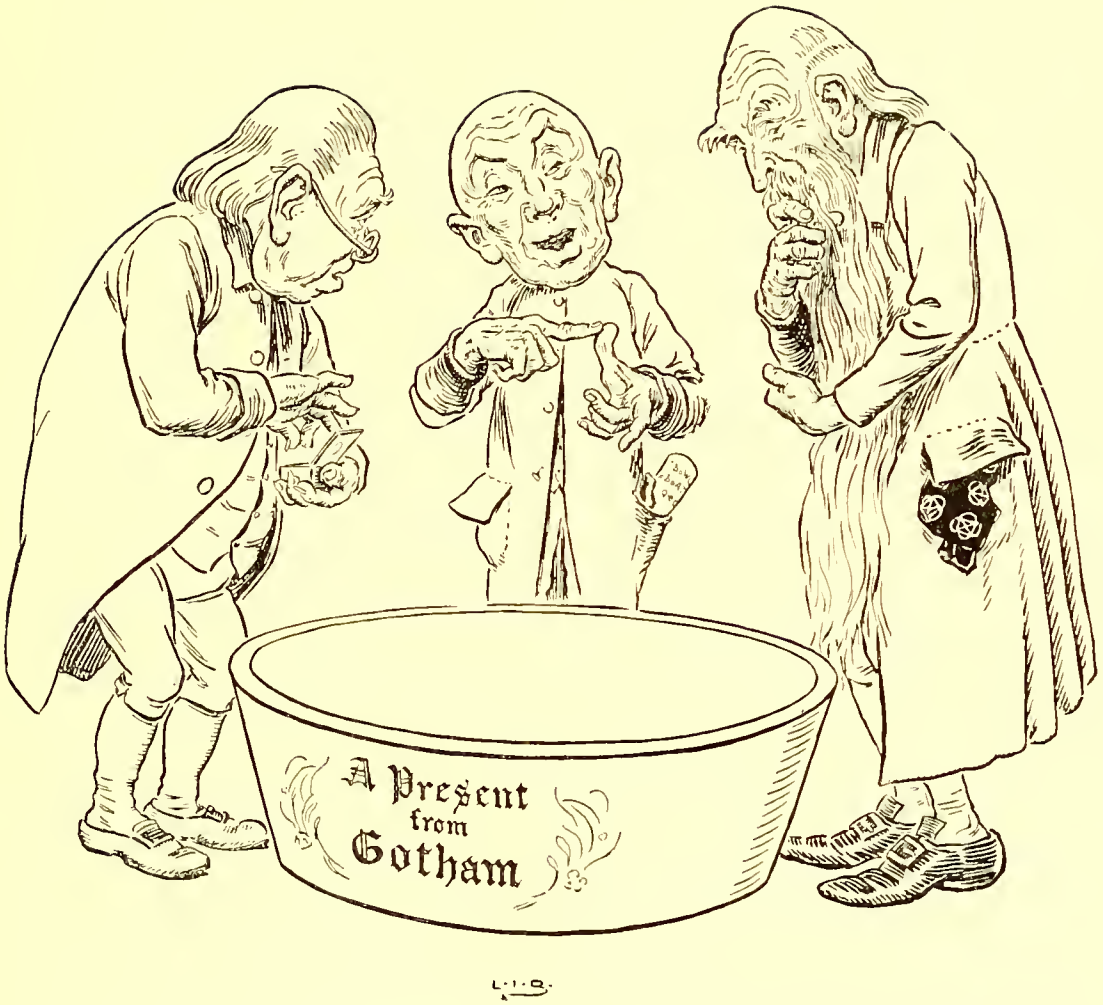
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Heere fell
Humpty
Dumpty
L·L·B·

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

BAA, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my Master,
And one for my Dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane!

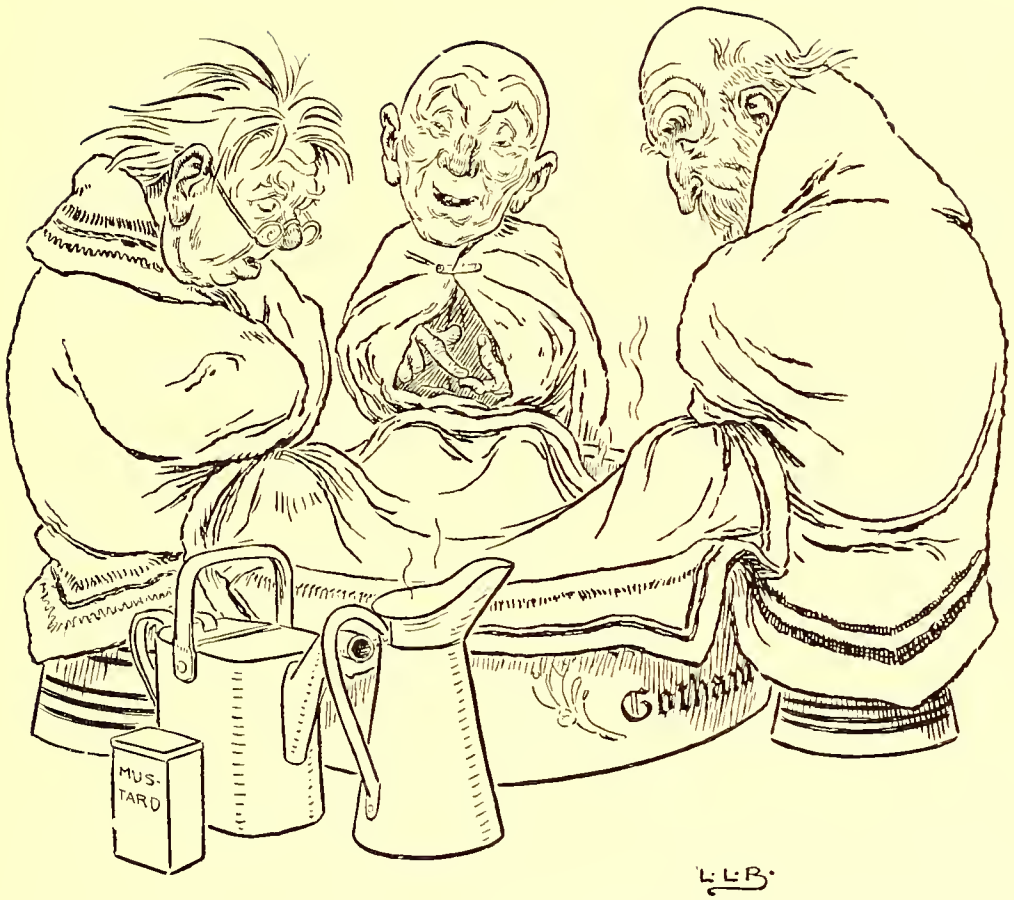


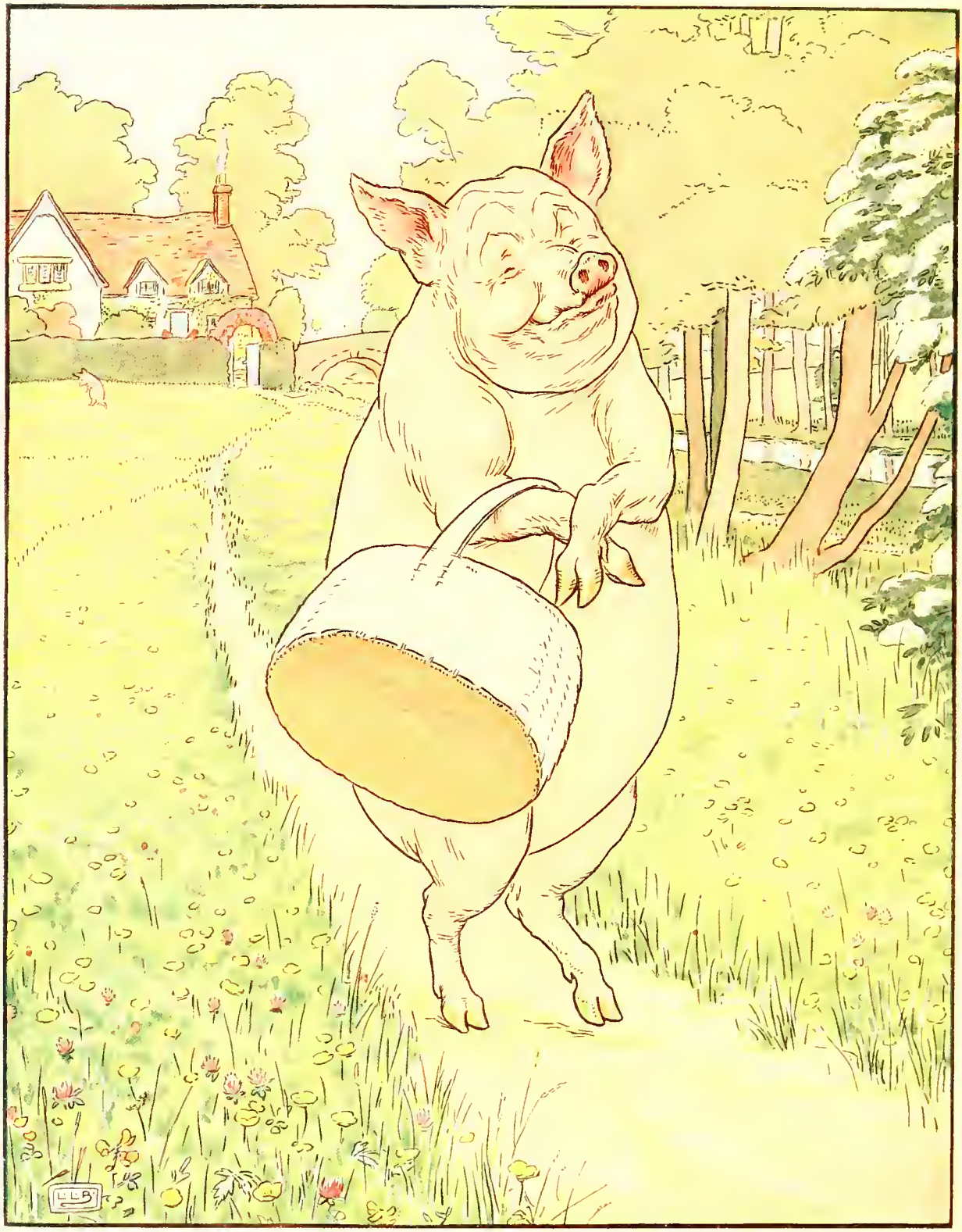
THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

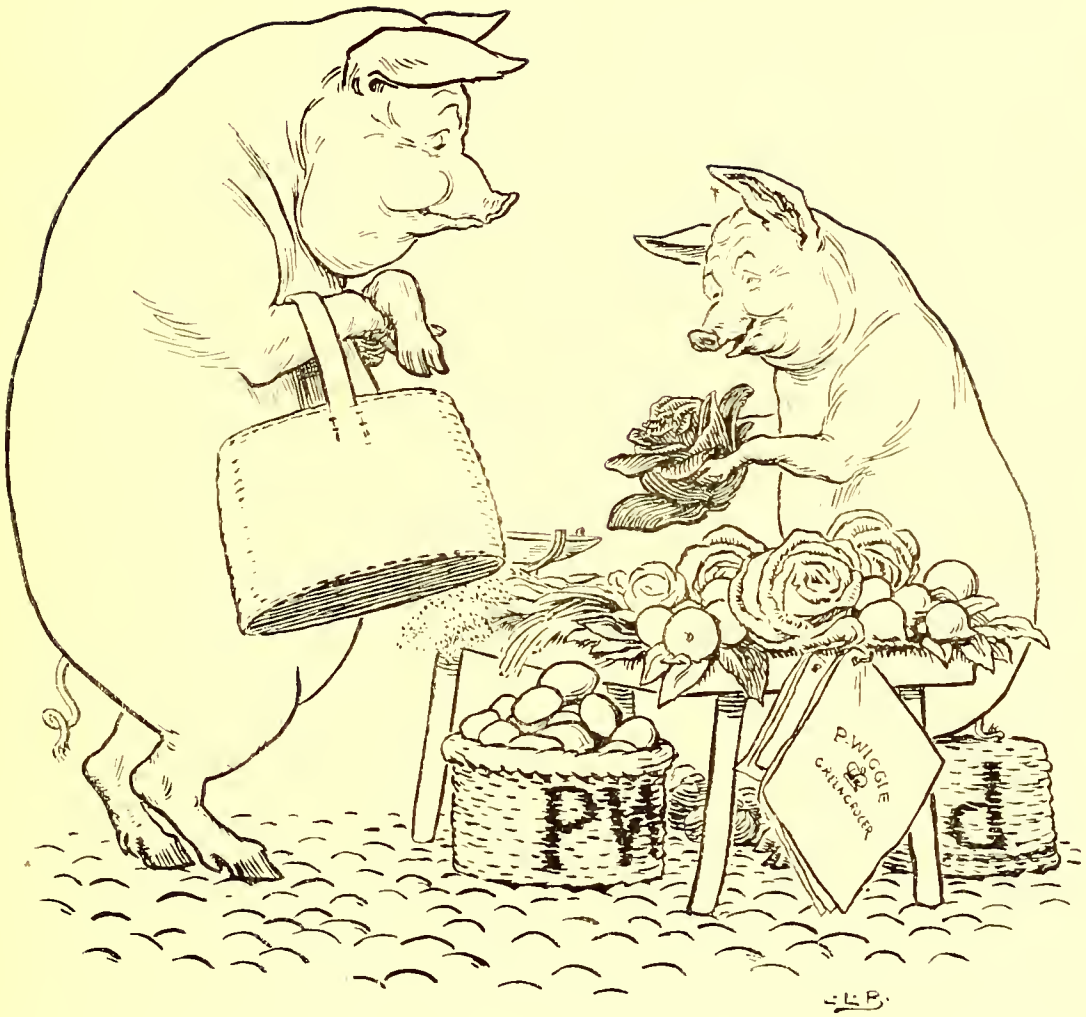
THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl :

If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

GM2

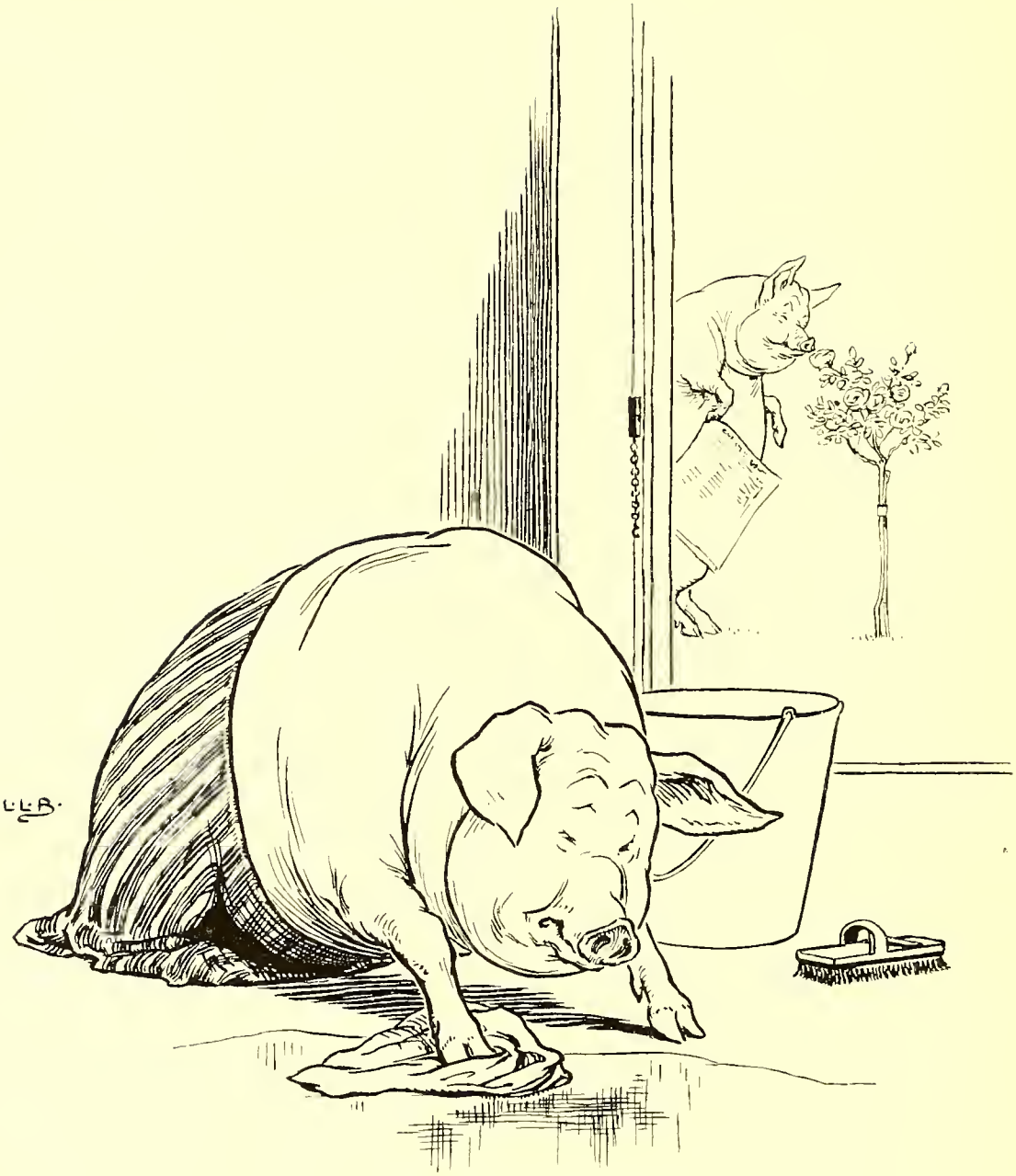

MUS-
TARD
L.L.B.





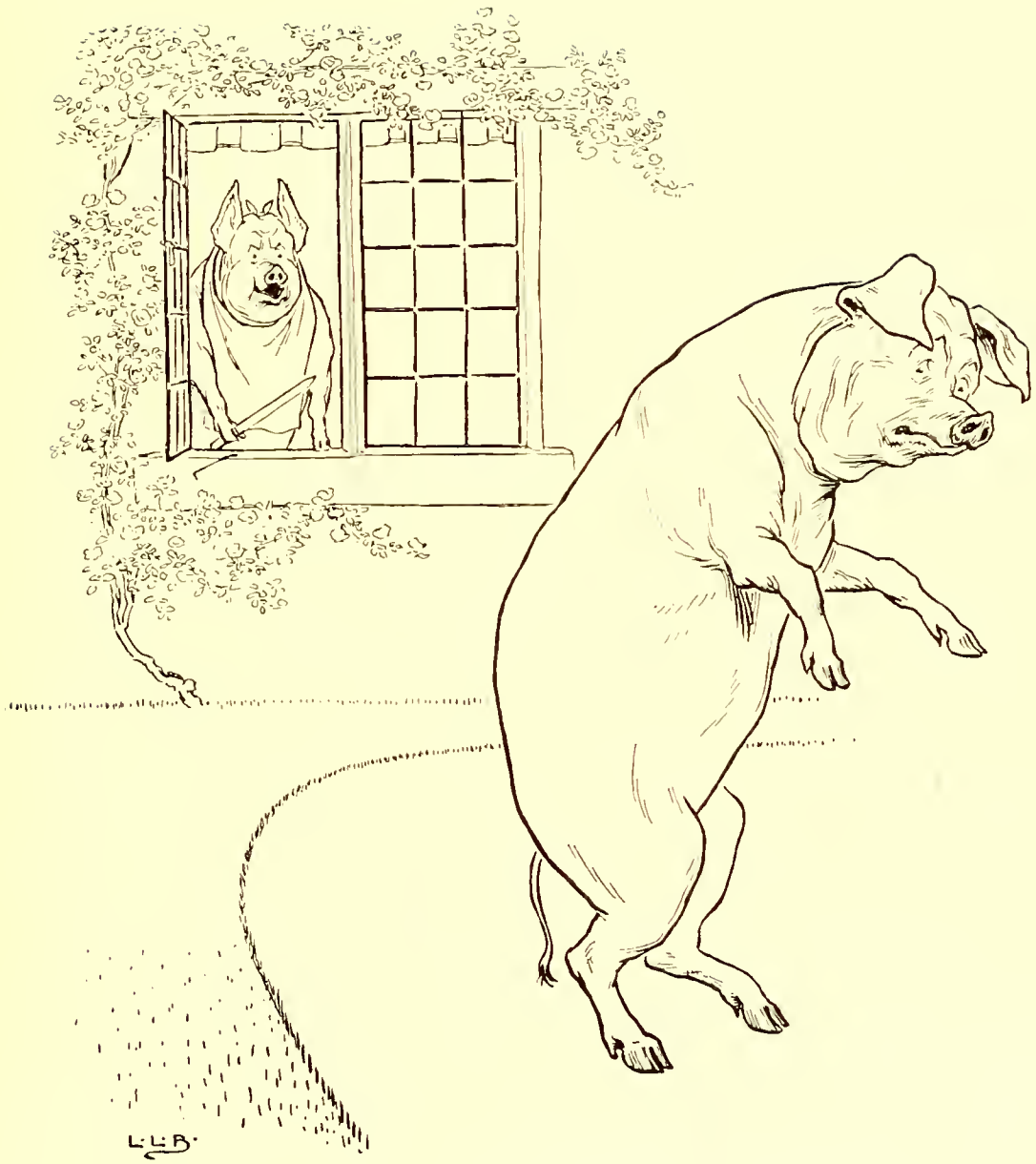
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

THIS little pig went to market;



This little pig stayed at home ;

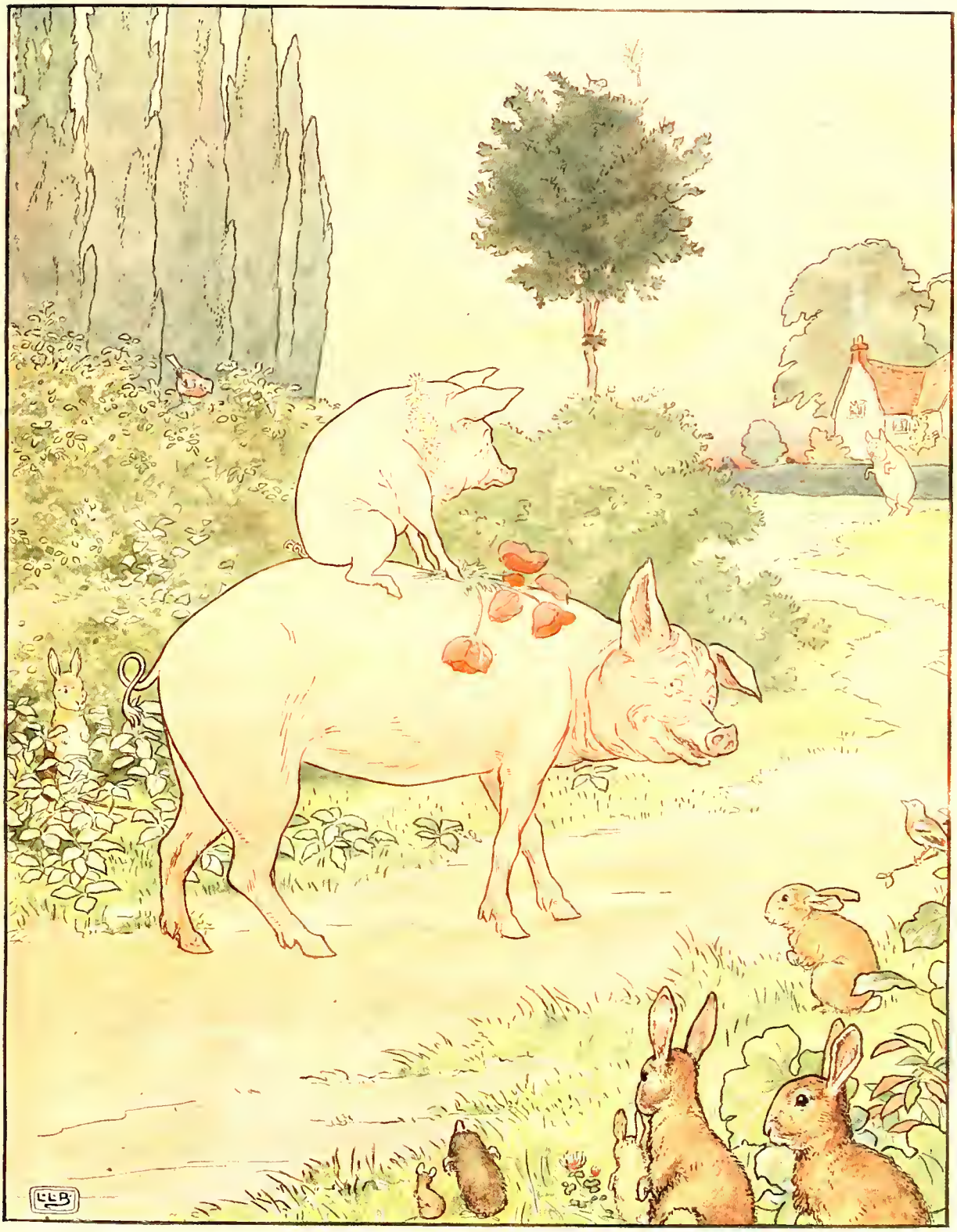
THERE'S N
IKE HOME.



This little pig had roast beef;

This little pig had none;

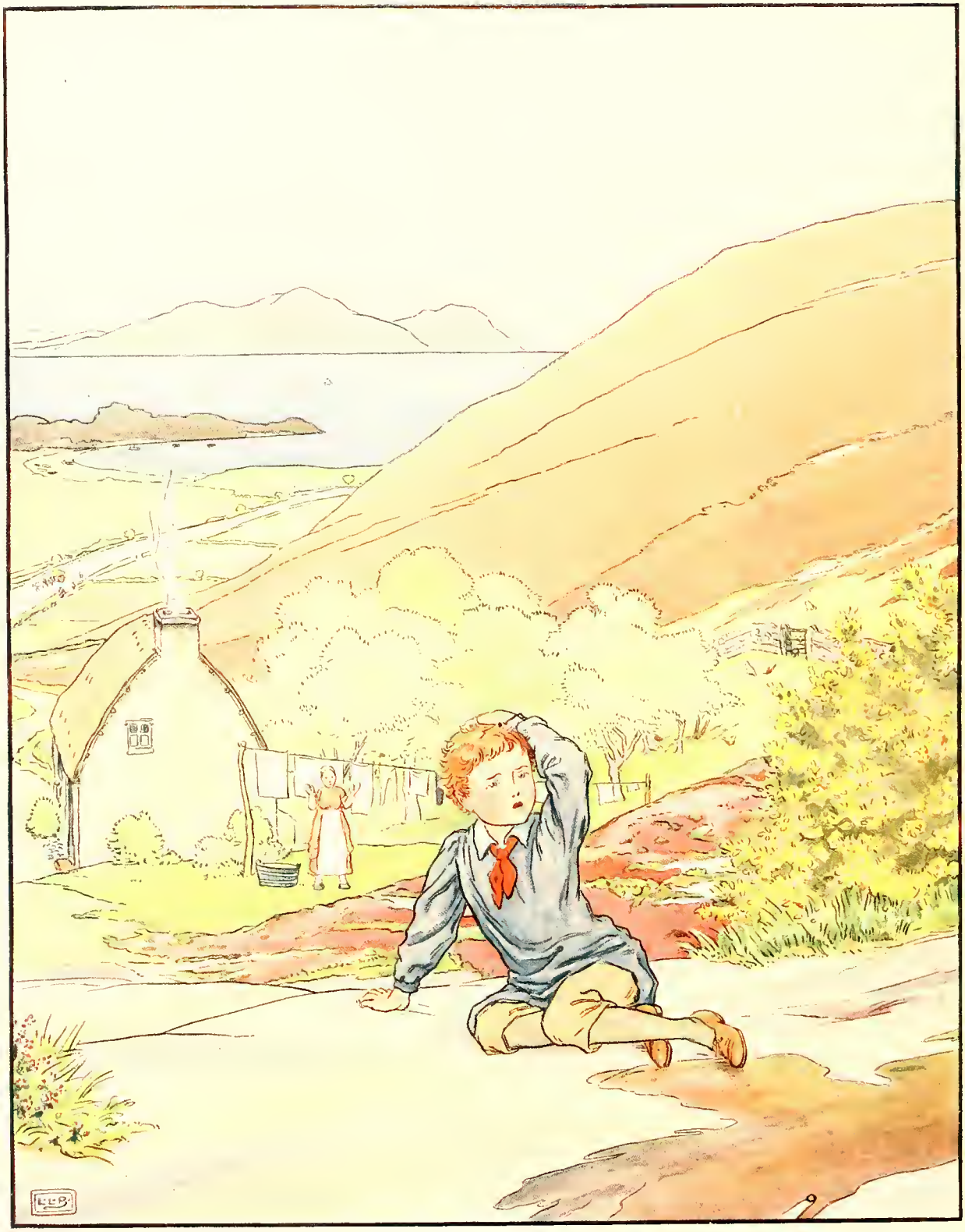
This little pig cried "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way



home ! ”

JACK AND JILL.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

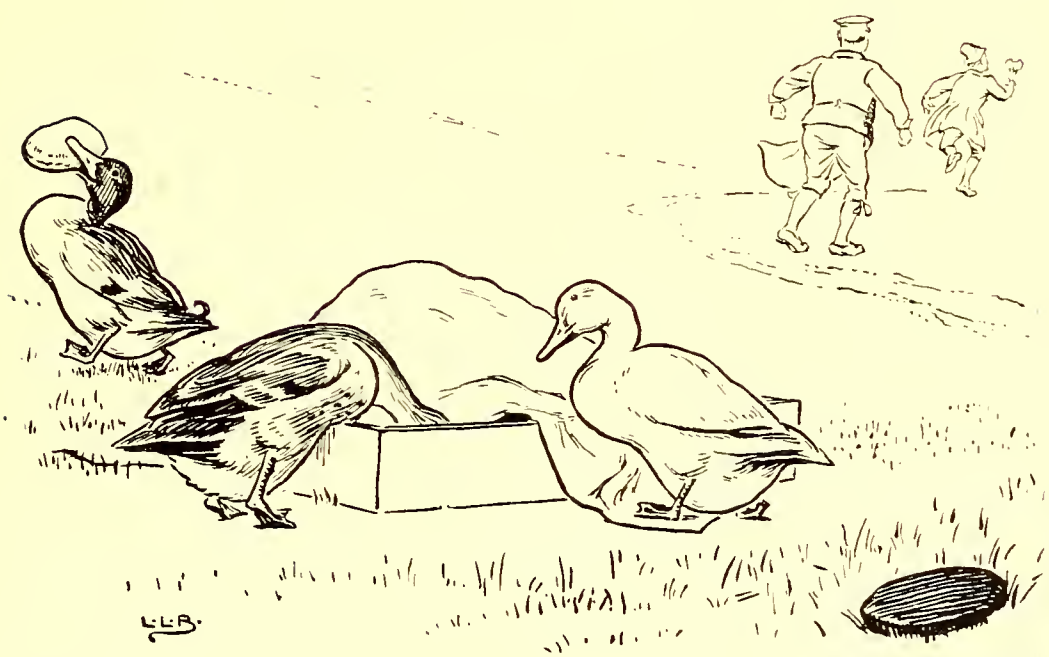


SIMPLE SIMON.

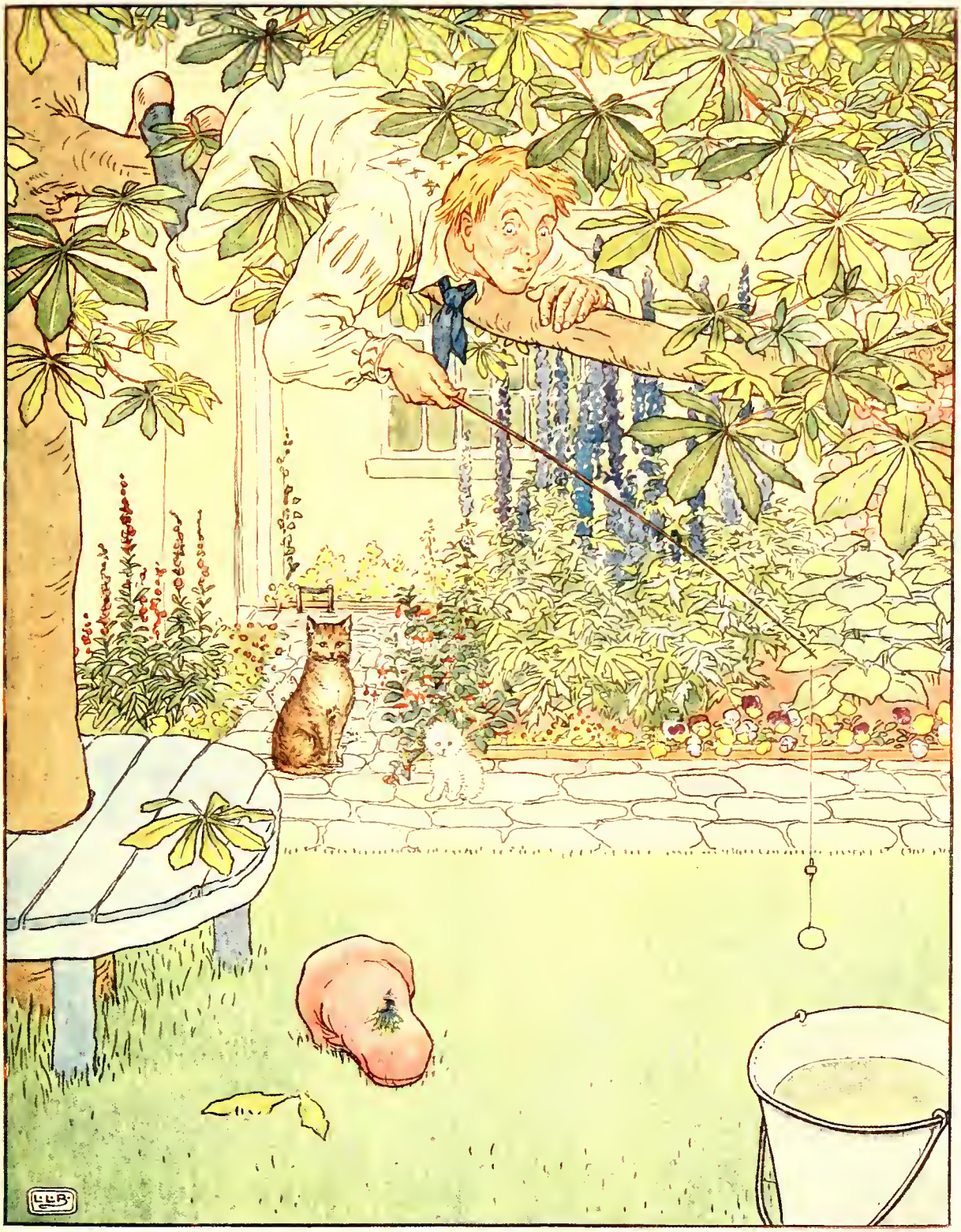
SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;

Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Do you mean to pay?"
Says Simon, "Yes, of course I do!"
And then he ran away.



Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!

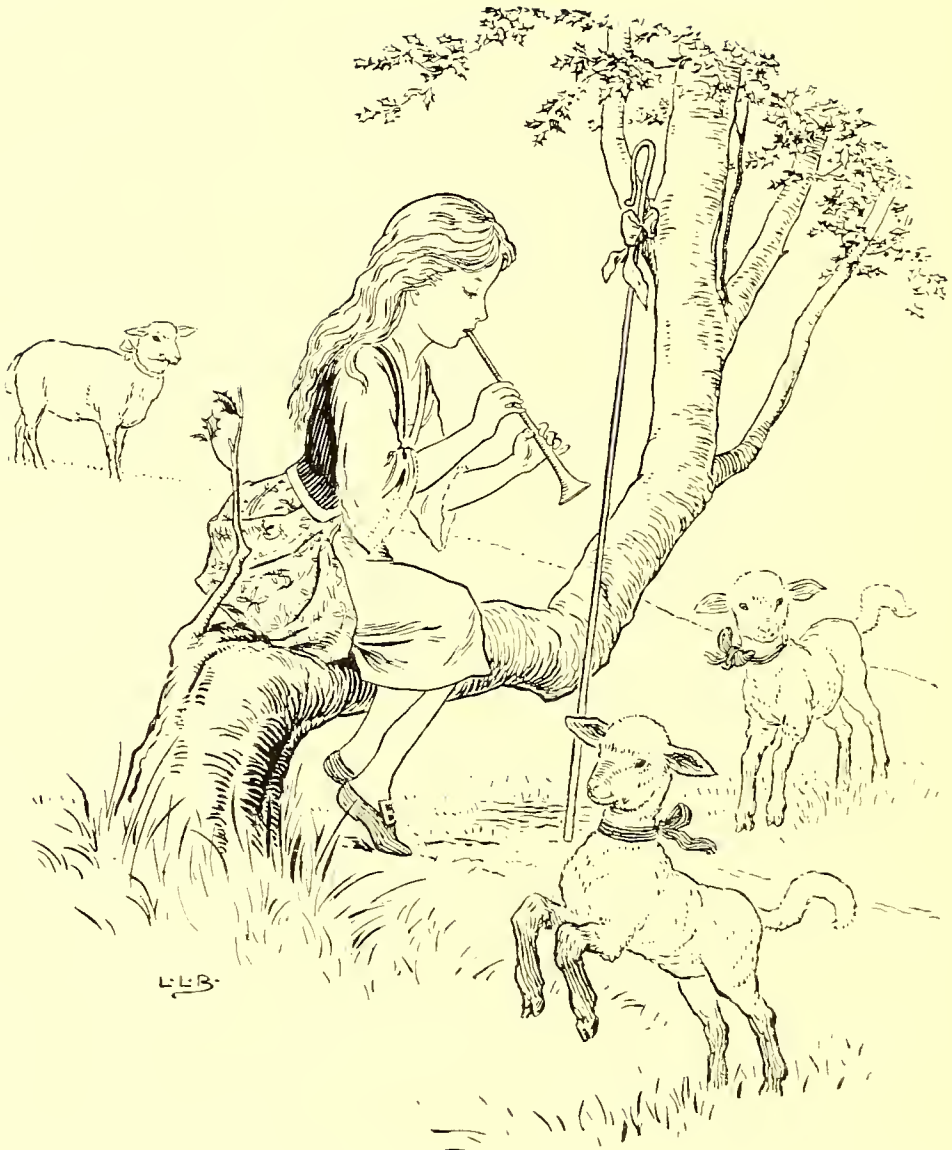


THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went
a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
stile :

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a
crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a crooked
little house.

L.L.B.


L.L.B.

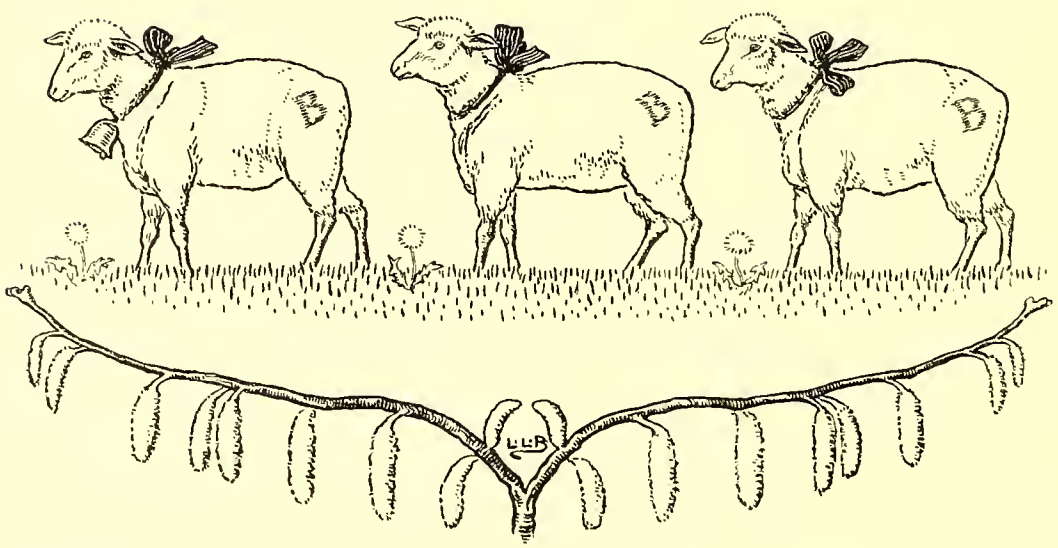
L.L.B.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.



RING O' ROSES.

RING a ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies ;
Hush ! hush ! hush !
And we all tumble down.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

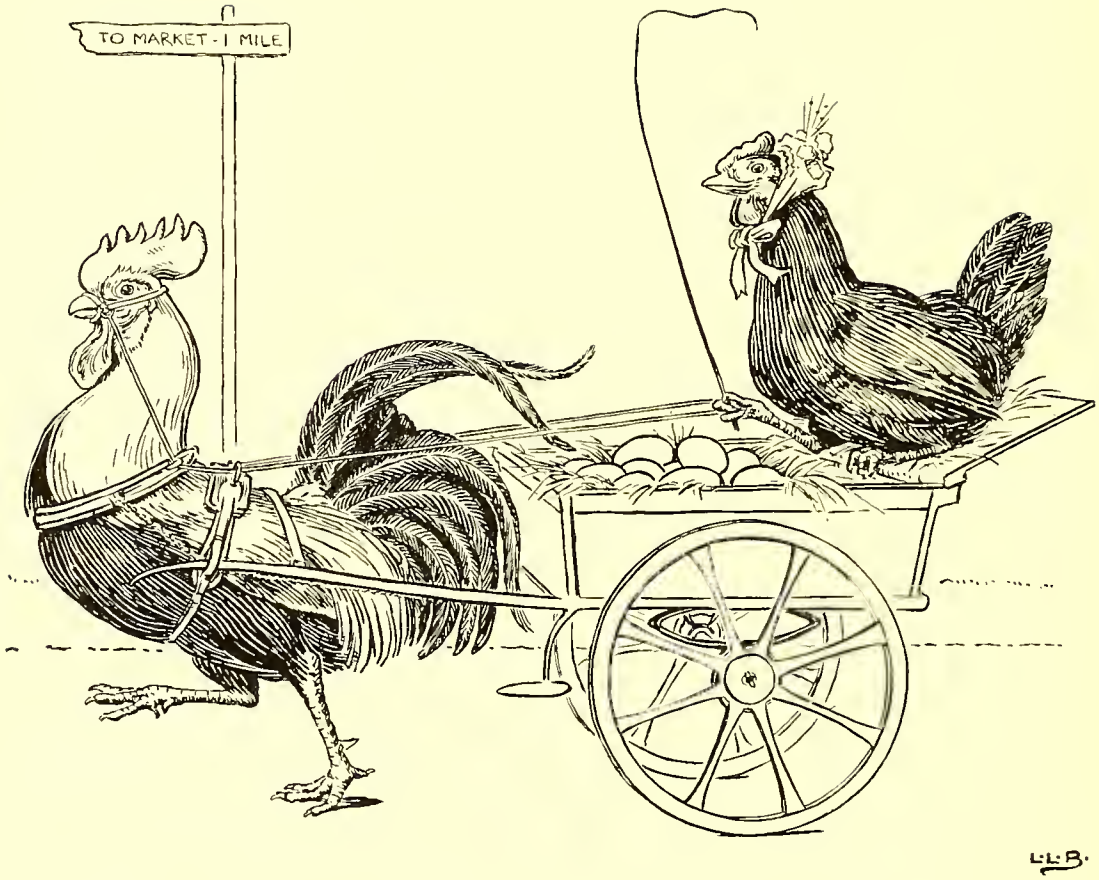
GOOD KING ARTHUR.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

L.L.B.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

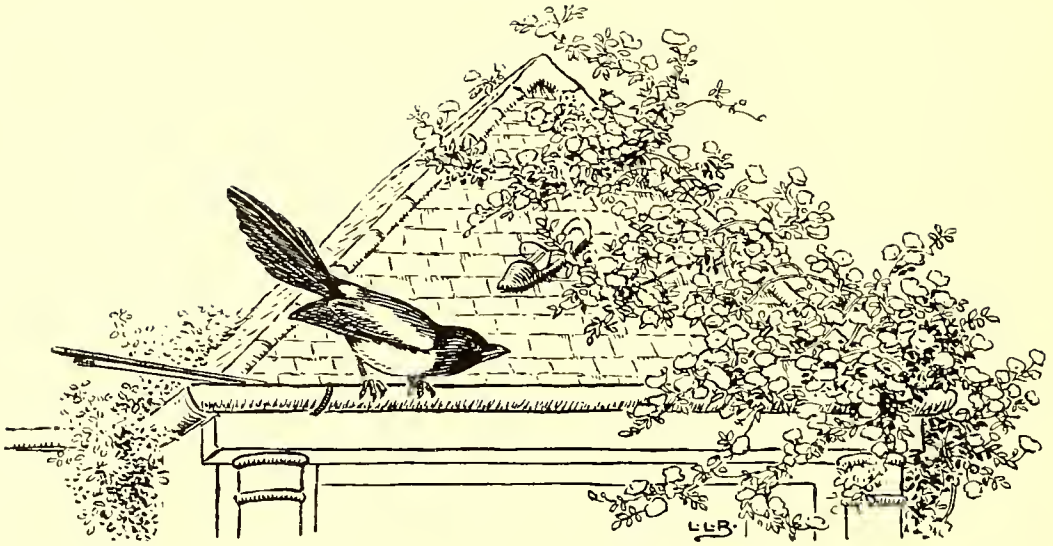


HICKETY PICKETY MY BLACK HEN.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;

MRS.
HICKETY PICKETY
FRESH
EGGS

Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

COCK-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
What is my dame to do ?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

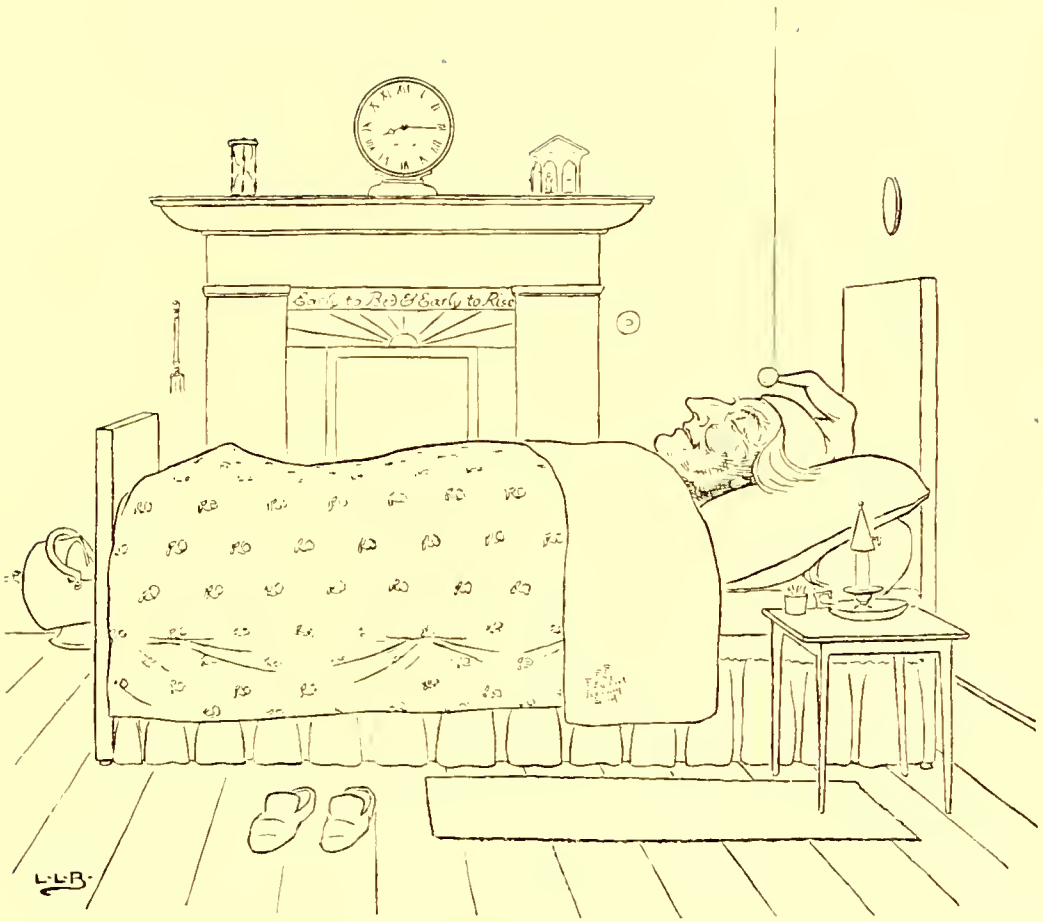
Cock-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick;
Sing doodle-doodle-doo !

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,
For dame and doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
And can't tell what to do.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds, for now it's eight
o'clock?"


Early to Bed & Early to Rise
L.L.B.

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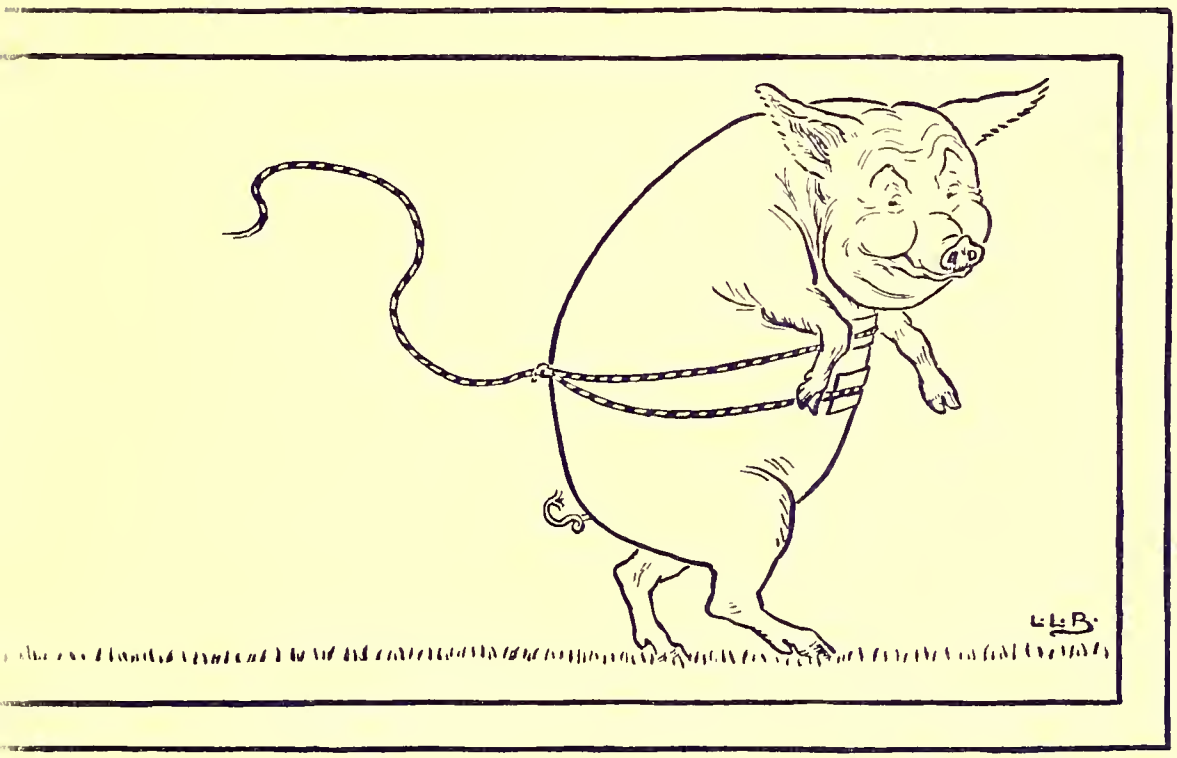
L.L.B.